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HON. THOMAS F. RICHMOND.

BRILLIANT AND USEFUL CAREER ENDED

Hon. Thomas F. Richmond Died Early Tuesday Morning.

HAD BEEN SICK FOR THREE WEEKS

Able Attorney, Ex-Representative and Beloved Citizen, His Death Causes Profound Sorrow.

Tuesday morning at 12:40, January 14, 1908, at his home on West Main street in this borough occurred the death of Hon. Thomas F. Richmond, one of the ablest lawyers of northern Pennsylvania and one of Smethport's most prominent and best beloved residents.

Although for nearly three weeks past Mr. Richmond's condition was such as to cause grave concern, hope was buoyant that the magnificent physical constitution of the patient, aided by his indomitable will power would eventually conquer the ravages of the disease and that the distinguished citizen would be spared for many years to this community that esteemed him. But this was not to be. Repeatedly he rallied from serious relapses which anxious watchers feared would bring the end. Finally when human endurance reached its limit, when medical aid could no longer keep alight the fluttering flame of life, he passed away.

Mr. Richmond's illness started a short time before Christmas with an attack of the grip. On Christmas day he was taken with severe chills; pneumonia developed, and other complications supervened from time to time so that his condition was a source of constant alarm. Faithful relatives and friends, skilled physicians and tireless nurses attended the patient night and day and helped him wage the long battle—but death conquered.

The grief over the death of this popular man is wide-spread. The poignancy of the bereavement as is natural falls upon the wife, son and near relatives with crushing force, but his multitude of friends—men, women and children, take it also to themselves as a private grief and with saddened hearts bow to the inevitable.

Few men achieve the esteem in which Tom Richmond was held. (He was ever "Tom," warm hearted, genial and tender, to his friends.) The striking trait in his personality that won the lasting regard of all came from that element commonly described as "squareness." He was a faithful follower of the golden rule. His heart was in the right place, and it was a loyal, honest and charitable heart. In his family he was the ideal husband and father, among his friends he was always a sociable companion, with a keen appreciation of the brighter sides of life. Even in the hottest fire of of close-fought legal battle he was ever a fair fighter, and it is a fact that the very men in the legal profession with whom he was oftenest and most warmly opposed were among his closest friends and staunch admirers.

The same spirit of square-dealing marked his career in politics. It was not in the make-up of this brilliant man to take unfair advantage of another. Aggressiveness was not lacking in his methods, but if he had enemies, they were persons so obscure as to never receive public notice. He won his victories upon merit alone and his defeats were received with gracefulness, rare indeed, and without the rankling sense of injury which so often manifests itself in the defeated aspirant for political honors.

Bright successes mark the life that closed in the midst of its usefulness. The ability that comes from intelligence properly fostered with the knowledge gathered by constant study and experience was his. His quick and complete grasp of the details of a subject was a source of wonder to his clients, and these gifts backed with a large fund of common sense, won many important cases in law and placed him in the front rank of his profession.

The bar of McKean county and in fact legal circles throughout this part of the State have sustained a loss in Hon. T. F. Richmond's death which will be felt for years to come. The Republican party has lost a careful and influential worker. The people of Smethport have lost a liberal-minded citizen and a true friend.

Thomas F. Richmond was born in Smethport, May 17, 1860. He passed his boyhood in this town and attended the public schools. When 17 years of age he became a student at Lawrence (Kansas) College where he graduated in 1884. Prior to his graduation (1882) he was admitted to the McKean county bar and began to practice law in Smethport. About 1886 he departed for the West and located for a time in Lincoln, Neb., but investments which he made, turned out poorly, and he traveled over a large portion of Western States and Territories in search of a favorable location. He tried Indian Territory and stopped at various towns for short periods. At different times he was located at Billings, Mont., El Paso, Texas, Tacoma, Wash., and San Francisco. From the latter city he returned to Smethport and had since practiced his profession in this town with success and prosperity. In November, 1898, Mr. Richmond was elected a member of the Legislature and the same month entered into partnership with Sheridan Gorton, Esq. This firm was a most effective combination of talented attorneys and enjoyed a practice that compared very favorably with any similar concern in the county. For the past twelve years Mr. Richmond had been solicitor for the county commissioners. One year ago he received the endorsement of McKean county for State Senator, but the Tioga county candidate, Mr. Williams, was chosen at the Republican conference. Mr. Richmond leaves a wife and an adopted son, Paul, aged about 11 years, who have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement.

For a number of years Mr. Richmond was prominent as a volunteer fireman. He was a member of Smethport Hose company and was president of that organization for several terms. When the Northwestern Pennsylvania Volunteer Firemen's Association was organized he was one of the hardest workers for its success, and was chosen secretary, and afterward was elected president of the Association.

He was a Mason of high standing, being a member of McKean Lodge, No. 388, F. & A. M., Coudersport Consistory and Zem-Zem Temple, A. A. O. N. Mystic Shrine, of Erie. He was a member of the Protected Home Circle of Smethport, also of the Bradford lodge of Elks. All of these orders were largely represented at the funeral. Mr. Richmond belonged to other organizations and carried considerable insurance.

The funeral services were held at the late home of the deceased this afternoon at 2 o'clock, the Rev. W. E. VanDyke of Kane officiating. A large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends were present, many of whom followed the remains to their final resting place in Rose Hill cemetery.

An Explanation.

Last Thursday forenoon was a time of trial and tribulation in the MINER office. In every newspaper plant from the largest to the smallest there is a heart-breaking period just before the paper goes to press. Everybody is hustling to the utmost and there are a hundred things to be done and a hundred more to remember now to do. Just at this critical period last week the gas engine, usually a well behaved and docile machine, felt called upon to do a few eccentric stunts, and the result was a fervid session in which the whole force participated. A specialist familiar with the nervous complaints that occasionally afflict these machines was summoned and he succeeded in restoring it to a more tractable frame of mind. The air had hardly been cleared of the sulphuric fumes occasioned by this interruption when a hanger holding a heavy shaft pulled loose from its fastenings and in falling came within a scant two inches of scalping the pink compositor. The narrow escape of this young gentleman from having the gilding removed from his dome caused a further sensation and it was some time before the succeeding wave of thankfulness would permit the regular work to proceed.

But all this story is merely a prelude to the statement that in some mysterious manner the names of the Republican candidates for the nomination of school directors, F. D. Gallup and D. C. Young, were omitted from the list of candidates to be voted for at the primaries, and an editorial concerning the announcement of C. W. Freeman, as a candidate for county commissioner, became switched so that it appeared upon the first page.

Argument Court Proceedings.

Argument court convened Tuesday and the feature of the session is the number of divorce cases. Fifteen cases were listed, four of them being continued, the others were as follows:

Cora E. Kinney vs George Kinney.
Kate Richmond vs C. M. Richmond.
Ebet Rosslyn vs Cora L. Rosslyn.
Alice E. Valentine vs H. Harry C. Valentine.
Gladys Green vs Gilbert Green.
Minna Barber vs Clyde W. Barber.
Myrtle Baxter vs Ernest Baxter.
Minnie Stewart vs E. E. Stewart.
Charles Renan vs Clara Renan.
Daniel Marcus Powers vs Mayblossom Powers.
Maude Patterson, by her next friend, Emma Story, vs Levi Patterson.

All of the above cases are from Bradford, with the exception of the Valentine case, which is a Kane affair and the Kinney case, which is from Annin township.

The case of Charles Renan developed some interesting features. A witness for the libellant was a former husband of the respondent, the charge being that there had been no divorce proceedings to separate the woman from husband No. 1. Other evidence yesterday was quite interesting and tended to show that marriage is a failure in some instances. No decisions have been reached in these cases.

To-day a suit in equity brought by Mrs. Margaret Koenig of Smethport against E. K. Kane's railroad for damages sustained to her property on Water street will be heard.

Death of Mrs. A. L. Provin.

Died at her home in East Smethport, Thursday afternoon, Jan. 9, 1908, at 5 o'clock, Desire G., wife of A. L. Provin.

She was ever a devout Christian; was a member of the United Brethren church, and in her church and home duties was a true and earnest worker. Her many good qualities and refined, pleasant manner endeared her to many friends and acquaintances. Her generous and self-sacrificing personality, her readiness to care for the sick and aid the weary, will long be remembered by those who are left behind. She was a thoroughly good woman and her death will long be mourned.

Mrs. Provin's maiden name was White. She was born in Riceville, Pa., Dec. 17, 1842, consequently was over 65 years of age at the time of her death. In 1862 she was married to Edwin Betts of Corry, Pa., and resided there until his death, which was caused by consumption in 1884. On April 19, 1886, she was united in marriage with Alfred L. Provin of Keating township, who survives her. She also leaves two stepsisters and two step-brothers—Mrs. Horace Rice of Union City, Pa., and Mrs. E. J. Holcomb of Carrington, North Dakota; Charles and Herman, who reside in the state of Washington.

The funeral services were held at the home of the deceased Saturday afternoon at 1 o'clock, the Rev. W. A. Harris of Smethport, assisted by the Rev. Jerome Smith of Farmers Valley, officiating. Burial was in Smith cemetery at Farmers Valley.

To Rent.

Modern house, with hot and cold water and bath, $9 per month. Inquire of J. C. Gallup, postmaster. tf

Closing out sale at store of D. C. Young. Call and look over remaining stock of merchandise, and find many articles which you can use, at cost or even less.

A Terrible Disaster.

Boyertown, a borough of 2500 inhabitants midway between Reading and Pottstown, was the scene of the worst opera house holocaust that ever happened in this country outside of the very largest cities, Monday evening, in which nearly 200 people lost their lives and nearly 100 were injured.

The fire started from the explosion of a tank of gas used to operate a picture machine at a Sunday school entertainment, and a panic followed. The scenes described of this affair are terrible. Small children were literally trampled to a pulp and many men and women were crushed to death in the mad rush from the doomed building. It is said that the great loss of life is due to the fact that everybody seemed panic stricken and practically no one tried to quiet the crowd.

There is hardly a family in the whole town that has not lost some member and every available place is turned into a temporary hospital or morgue.

This morning's dispatches place the number of deaths at 171. The dismembered portions of bodies which fill half a dozen sacks will probably bring this number up to 190, though Coroner Straumer still adheres to his belief that 200 lives were lost in the half hour that the panic lasted. About 80 bodies have been identified amid heart-rending scenes. Between 50 and 75 will never be identified.

Injuries Were Fatal.

George Elmore, aged 28 years, died at the Bradford hospital shortly after 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon from injuries which he sustained while at work for the B., R. & P. railroad company near Mt. Jewett, on Monday, Dec. 23. Mr. Elmore, while engaged on the top of a box car as a brakeman, was thrown to the ground, dislocating the spine at the base of the neck. Another injury was a cut on the top of the head and one hand was crushed by the car wheels, making amputation of a part of that member necessary. Since the accident the young man has been at the hospital, entirely helpless on account of the injury to the spine, and although given the best of care and medical attention, his death occurred yesterday afternoon.

Deceased is survived by his widow and two stepsons at East Salamanca, his mother who lives at Tidioute and three brothers and a sister. The remains were taken in charge by Undertaker Koch and to-day will be shipped to Salamanca for interment. Deceased belonged to the Brotherhood of Trainmen.—To-day's Era.

Mellander Fined $75.

C. Mellander of No. 21 Cottage Row, was Friday sentenced to pay a fine of $75 or spend 30 days in the lockup, on charge of keeping a disorderly house. Mellander kept a "bachelor's hall" at the address above given and it is alleged that a man was robbed of $50 at the place on Thursday evening. Two women, who were inmates of the house at the time of the robbery, were also arrested. One of the women, Mrs. Myrtle Mosier, did not seem to be suspected of the theft, but as a disorderly person was notified that she should oblige the police department by getting out of town as speedily as possible. She accepted this suggestion and will go back to Olean.

Miss Marion Spencer, the other lady in the case, did not tell a very convincing story and Judge Williams placed her under bail in the sum of $200. When the case comes to be tried in Smethport it will be somewhat sensational.

The man who lost $50 is still suffering from a miniature financial panic.—Bradford Era.

"The Lion and the Mouse."

When Henry B. Harris set about engaging the members of the company that will present "The Lion and the Mouse" in Smethport, Thursday evening, January 23, at the Lyceum, he found himself embarrassed by the wealth of talent at his disposal. The enormous success of the play in New York for the last two years, and the splendid opportunity it offers for actors and actresses of intelligence and ability to make names for themselves caused Mr. Harris' offices to become the special goal of every aspiring player. For the role of "Ready Money" Ryder he had more than two hundred applications and almost as large a number of women wanted to play Shirley Rossmore. This unusual desire on the part of the players to associate themselves with "The Lion and the Mouse" gave Mr. Harris ample opportunity to choose whom he wanted, and the company he will send here is said to be an exceptionally well-balanced one.

LOST—Between McCoy's corners and Andrew Campbell's, a signet ring bearing the initials "E. C. J." Finder will be rewarded by returning same to Mrs. Lottie Arnett at residence of Mrs. A. Digel.

It depends on the pill you take. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the best pills known for constipation and headache. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Phonographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy. Burg Chadwick, Prop.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

One of the boldest and most daring robberies ever committed in this country, accompanied by an attempt to murder, followed by the suicide of the robber, occurred in Bradford on Tuesday morning March 6, 1888. A little before 11 o'clock a man by the name of Geo. A. Kimball, thoroughly masked and disguised in dress, entered the Bradford National Bank, flourished a revolver at Mr. Tomilson, the cashier and demanded money. The latter gave him to understand that he was not alarmed at his demonstration, when the fellow stepped away, saying "he don't scare worth a cent." The man then walked to another window, occupied by Clerk Haggerty, and still flourishing the revolver vaulted over the railing above the counter, rushed to Assistant Cashier C. A. Mitchell's desk, grabbed a handful of money and was about to rush out when Mr. Tomilson came out of his private office and seized him. Quick as a flash he turned and shot the cashier, the ball entering just above the left hip, rushed through the private office and down Chestnut street, with a number of men and boys who had been around the bank in close pursuit. He turned down Corydon street and just between Rose's and Ley's machine shops shot L. Elich, a butcher located at 18 Chambers street. The ball entered the abdomen on the left side and went diagonally through the bowels, coming out just at the right of the spine. The desperado kept on down Corydon street and when he reached Webster street, started toward Elm street, keeping in the center of the thoroughfare and holding his pursuers at bay with his revolver. The Elm street crossing was blocked with cars and in order to get over he was compelled to crawl under and while he was doing this the crowd closed in on him. Oliver John Wilson, who had been standing in front of the Option House when the shooting in the bank happened and had started in pursuit of the murderer, was then within a few feet of the villian, and pulling his revolver ordered the fellow to surrender, but instead of complying he turned the muzzle of the gun towards his face and shot himself under the right eye, the ball coming out just in front of the left ear on the cheek bone. He fell to the sidewalk and when the pursuing crowd closed around him he could not speak on account of the blood and froth which was pouring from his mouth, eyes and nose. While lying on the sidewalk, he was recognized as George A. Kimball, the young man who was injured in the wreck on the N. Y. P. & O. R. R. at Steamburg, N. Y., on Sunday, Feb. 5, while coming to Bradford from Denver Colo. He had been bruised about the breast and after recovering had come on to Bradford, and was boarding at the Williams House on Webster street. Three or four years ago he went west with lawyer F. D. Reeves and opened a real estate office at Garden City, Kansas, which resulted disasterously in a financial point of view and sending his two daughters to live with his parents in Denver he dissolved partnership with Reeves and began a roving life. Chief Stanton examined his person after his death and found $650 in bills and a check for $20, which was about all the money he took from the bank. Dr. Parks, a celebrated surgeon of Buffalo happened to be in the city and with the aid of the Bradford physicians performed on Mr. Tomilson the operation known in medical science as laparotomy. It is the cutting through of the walls of the abdomen in the cassarean section, and sewing up the holes made in the intestines by the bullet. Mr. Tomilson survived the operation and is still living as we go to press but there are grave doubts of the recovery of Elich, who was shot while pursuing Kimball.

We regret to announce that Will King, son of G. W. King, Esq., of East Smethport, had his arm and hand badly smashed last week, while working in the P. & E. R.R. Co.'s yard at Ronovo. We understand that one finger has already been amputated, and that another operation will very likely have to be resorted to.

T. J. Malone, an efficient member of the force of printers in the Advertiser book room, was united in marriage yesterday morning at eight o'clock to Miss Mary E. Sharp, of Williamsport, Pa., by Rev. Father Bloomer of St. Patrick's church. The young couple will reside for the present at the American hotel. May they live long and be ever very happy!—Elmira Advertiser, Feb. 16, 1888.

When you want the best, get DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. It is good for little or big cuts, boils or bruises, and is especially recommended for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevaint.

Wanted—A good farmer to work the Larabee farm on shares. Inquire of D. C. Young, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Mrs. Ruth Prosser.

Mrs. Ruth Prosser was born in London, England, June 2, 1819, died Jan. 8, 1908, being eighty-eight years, seven months and six days old, and having been a resident of Smethport for over 26 years.

She came to this country when 19 years of age, being the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Russel, who located in Cleveland, Ohio, then only a village, Ruth having gathered chestnuts where the public square of that city is now located.

On Jan. 12, 1839, she married James T. Foreman of Cleveland, who died Feb. 4, 1865. The result of this union being five children: Mary J., now Mrs. J. V. Herriman of Oconto, Wis., and Geo. T. Foreman of Cisco, Texas; Sarah F., wife of John McDowell, now deceased, Adelaide A. who died in childhood, and Josephine M., wife of W. H. Knight of this borough, with whom she had made her home for the past twenty-seven years.

In Cleveland, on Nov. 11, 1865, she became the wife of Henry Prosser, who died Nov. 27, 1880. She was grandmother to ten children, great-grandmother to twenty-eight and great-great-grandmother to seven. She had been a great-great-grandmother for nearly nine years.

Funeral services were conducted by the Rev. W. A. Harris, at her late home on East Main street, last Friday afternoon. Interment in Rose Hill cemetery.

Those from out of town who were present at the funeral were A. A. Herriman and little daughter, Mary, of Galeton, Penna.

An Anonymous Letter.

The following letter was mailed from Smethport on Dec. 27, 1907, to Liveright, Greenewald & Co., of Philadelphia, and forwarded by that concern to Mr. Monheimer, who showed it to the writer:

"Smethport, Pa. Dec. 26, 1907.

Liveright Greenewald,

We find out that Mr. Monheimer of Smethport is ready to fail any day his clerk got a magnage on his all stock look out for your interest

your friend

"L. K. N. of Smethport."

The above is a most cowardly attempt to ruin the business standing of one of our most reputable citizens and merchants, for there is not a word of truth in, or even an excuse for this letter. Mr. Monheimer has an excellent reputation for paying his home bills promptly and he informs us that he has not a past due bill with any outside concern.

To Rent.

Modern house, with hot and cold water and bath, $9 per month. Inquire of J. C. Gallup, postmaster. tf

Wanted.

To exchange second hand hemlock lumber for hay. C. H. Gleason.

It is very important and in fact it is absolutely necessary to health that we give relief to the stomach promptly at the first signs of trouble—which are belching of gas, pains, sour stomach, headache, irritability and nervousness. These are warnings that the stomach has been mistreated; it is doing too much work and it is demanding help from you. Take something once in a while, especially after meals; something like Kodol For Dyspepsia Indigestion. It will enable your stomach to do its work properly. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

"I trust this may be read by many sufferers from kidney and bladder trouble" writes Mrs. Joe King of Woodland, Tex. "I suffered four years and could find nothing to give even temporary relief. Our druggists at last induced me to try your 80 days' treatment of Pineules for $1. This one bottle has cured me and money could not buy the value it has been to me." Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Every body loves our baby, rosy sweet and warm
With kissy places on her neck and dimples on her arms,
Once she was thin and cross, used to cry with pain—
Mother gave her Cascasweet, now she's well again.

Sunday Hack to Newton.

J. E. Haley announces that he runs a hack to Newton Sunday, regularly, to meet the 3:12 train on the B. R. & P., and will meet all other trains when notified in advance. Leave word at Haley's livery or C. B. Dickenson's store.

Call at Carrie Reilly Clark's millinery store and see the great assortment of elegant and artistic hats which she is showing for the fall and winter season. The establishment is up-to-the-instant in styles. Call and be suited. 45tf.

Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice, draws out inflammation and poison. Antiseptic, healing. For chapped hands, lips, cuts, burns. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve penetrates the pores—thoroughly cleanses—and is healing and soothing. Good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

For rent—Desirable flat. For particulars call at H. W. Rubin's store.

Cash paid for Furs and Hides by C. H. Gleason.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Model Restaurant.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The Country Mouse.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

Copyright, 1907, by W. R. Daley.

Felicia packed into a little trunk her one white party dress, a pretty gray linner gown, a half dozen shirt waists nd an extra hat, and away she went to town to visit her cousin, Mary Barnes.

Mary's brother Roger met her at the station.

"Mary is planning no end of things for you," he told Felicia when he had settled her in the carriage. "She is going to give a luncheon and a tea and a theater party and a dance, and half of her friends are enlisted to make you have a good time. It will be a lively existence for you, little girl."

"Oh," Felicia leaned forward, "I shall love it! My greatest excitement for a year has been a church social or a sleigh ride, and I am longing for society."

"Mary spells society with a big 'S,'" Roger told her. "She is a slave to it, and she needs a rest. She is as thin as a wafer and as pale as paper."

"But think what a lovely time she has!" Felicia said, all pink and white with enthusiasm.

"Humph!" Roger said. "You don't know when you are well off, little Felicia."

But Felicia fell on Mary's neck when she reached the great stone mansion.

"I can stay two weeks," she said. "The school board gave me a vacation, and I am going to have the time of my life."

"Indeed you are," Mary said and carried her away to a delectable bedroom, where rose leaves drifted across the wall paper.

"I'll get into my kimono, and then we can talk," Felicia said joyously as she opened her little black bag. But Mary shook her head dubiously. "The girls are coming for luncheon in just half hour. There are ten of them, and the table decorations are to be pale pink, because that is your favorite color."

"What shall I wear?" Felicia asked. "I have a gray gown and a white one, and the white one is for evening."

"The gray will be all right with a ducky little knot of pink carnations and lilies of the valley. The florists are doing them that way now, and Roger can get you some."

Roger got the flowers, but the gray gown was not gorgeous, and beside Mary's shimmering chiffon creation Felicia felt depressingly dabby.

But the luncheon was exquisite, and the girls were friendly, and Felicia did not have much time to think of herself, for there was a tea on immediately after, and she was carried off by Mary and Roger, wearing a long and splendid wrap of Mary's, for her own simple tailor made jacket was out of the question.

"No one will notice that it is mine," Mary assured her, "in the crush," so Felicia, feeling very elegant, swept through the crowded rooms and talked as fast as she could to dozens of people and came out breathless.

"Wasn't it awful?" Roger asked her. "I shouldn't have gone a step if it hadn't been for you."

"It was delightful, Felicia gurgled—"the pretty women, the lights, the music, the ices and everything."

"Humph!" Roger grumbled, and Felicia made a little face at him and said, "You're an unbearable bear, Roger," and Roger said, "Oh, it's such a waste of good material for you to spend your time with such people when you might be talking to me, Felicia."

Felicia opened her eyes wide at that. "Do you like to talk to me, Roger?" she questioned, and Roger laughed and said, "Yes, but you don't deserve it." And Felicia, feeling very much flattered, leaned back in the carriage and peeped at Roger now and then, while Mary mapped out the programme for the next day.

"We will go to the hairdresser's early, Roger, don't you think, Felicia will look dear with her hair marceled?"

"I think Felicia looks dear with her hair any way."

"O-o-o-h," murmured Felicia from her corner.

Mary laughed and went on.

"There are the Deering luncheon and three teas and the art exhibit and the Colburns' dinner and a box party after, and then the cotillion."

"Oh, stop!" Felicia pleaded, looking at her cousin with startled eyes. "Do you expect me to do all that in one day, Mary?"

"She does," Roger asserted, surveying his country cousin with melancholy eyes. "and where, oh, where in all that programme will you have a minute to spend with me?"

"I am not worrying about that," Felicia told him, dimpling, "but what am I going to wear, Mary? What am I going to wear?"

"There's your white dress," Mary said slowly.

"But I can't wear that one dress to a luncheon and three teas and a theater party and a dance. What are you going to wear, Mary?"

"My pale blue broadcloth will do for the luncheon and the tea and the view. Then I shall wear white lace to the dinner and the rest of the evening."

"When in all that rush will you find time to change?" was Roger's question.

Mary leaned back in the corner of the carriage. She was very pale, and there were dark circles around her eyes.

"Oh, I don't know; I don't know," she said. "Sometimes I feel as if I were on a treadmill and no one would let me stop."

Felicia looked at her with startled eyes.

"Why, I thought you liked it," she gasped.

Mary straightened up at that.

"Oh, when I get into it," she said, trying to speak lightly, "it's not so bad, but I have felt the strain this winter awfully."

Roger's sister that night never caught Felicia for a moment alone in the library. "Mary is dreadfully blue," he told her. "She broke her engagement with Bob Carruth in the summer, and she hasn't been him since, and she misses him."

"What did she break it for?" Felicia asked.

"He wanted her to go south with him and settle in a little town where he could practice medicine, and she wouldn't give up society, and now I think she regrets it."

"Oh," said little Felicia, "if I loved a man I would go to the end of the world with him!"

"Would you?" Roger asked.

"Yes."

"Well, I am leaving for Japan next week," ingratiatingly.

Felicia gazed at him with intense indignation for a moment; then she turned her back on him. "Silly!" she said.

When Felicia went to bed that night she was so tired that she could not sleep. The next morning she was as pale as Mary. For a week the two girls dragged their engagements, finishing up on Saturday night with another cotillion.

Felicia wore her white dress. It was mussed, and she knew that she was not looking her best, but she was so tired that she did not care. Roger had sent her a bunch of violets, and her dance card was filled with names, but the fact gave her no satisfaction.

The fourth dance was Roger's.

"Enjoying it?" he asked, briefly as he swung her out into the floor.

"Oh, I am so tired I shall drop," she said. "Can't I go home, Roger?"

She looked so like a little weary child that Roger laughed.

"Baby," he teased and then tenderly, "I'll hunt Mary up, and we will cut the rest of it."

In the carriage Mary collapsed. "I didn't dream I was so tired," she sobbed, with her head on Felicia's shoulder, and Roger, surveying the pair with twinkling eyes, said, "Let me prescribe."

"Well?" came back in muffled agreement.

"You pack your trunk, Mary," he planned, "and go home with Felicia. It's lovely in the country now, and I'll come up and bring Bob Carruth with me."

Mary sat up, with her face ablaze.

"Bob Carruth?"

"Yes. I had a letter from him yesterday. He's coming up for a visit."

Faint pink tinged Mary's cheeks.

"Do you think he will want to see me, Roger?" she asked wistfully, and Roger said gently, "I know he will, Mary."

So Felicia packed her little trunk, and Mary packed a larger one, and away they went to the country, where the trees were crimson and gold and brown and where the air was like wine. And there Bob Carruth and Roger followed them.

"So she is really going to marry him and live in a country town," Roger confronted, and he and Felicia followed Mary and her lover along a path that seemed to end in a golden sunset.

"Yes," Felicia said.

"And you are going to marry me and come and live in the city," Roger returned.

"I haven't promised yet," said little Felicia. "I am afraid that some day I should be saying, 'Give me again my hollow tree, my crust of bread and liberty.'"

"You aren't afraid of anything of the kind," Roger told her. "You know we would live happy ever after."

"Oh, well, if you are so sure," said Felicia as she tucked a confiding hand through his arm and looked up at him with happy eyes, "I guess I shall have to say yes, Roger."

The Bellbird.

The most remarkable thing in connection with the bellbird is its powerful voice. It utters a clear metallic note that can be heard at a distance of three miles. Its noise is like that produced by a blacksmith striking his anvil. Sometimes it repeats its notes in quick succession, sometimes at fairly long intervals. There is no mistake about the voice of this bird; it is loud and piercing and would be heard above the din produced by every inmate of the zoo raising its voice at once.

Except for a space of naked skin on the throat and around the eyes, which during the breeding season is of green color, this bird is pure white. The contrast between the sexes in the bellbirds is extreme, for, while the male is pure white, the female is brownish green. Darwin refers to the bellbird when he points out that "white is a very rare color in terrestrial species of moderate size and inoffensive habits."—Pall Mall Gazette.

In a Bad Way.

There is a Pennsylvania divine who is not averse to telling a good story at his own expense.

Once in addressing a mission meeting in Philadelphia, which was attended mainly by sailors, the good man had sought to adapt his remarks to his hearers by using nautical shuttles, and in so doing he ventured somewhat beyond his depth.

"And now what shall we do—what shall we do?"

"Nothin' doin', cap'n!" sang out one of the sailors. "Ye're in bad! Ye're goin' in starnforemost!"

Wrong Tip.

"I have come all the way out here," said the tenderfoot, "to see your beautiful sunset."

"Somebody's been stringin' you, stranger," replied Arizona Al. "It ain't mine."—Chicago Record-Herald.

No need to fear coughs and colds this year as you can obtain Bees Laxative Cough Syrup now from your dealer. This is good news to mothers who fear croup and whooping cough. It is a gentle laxative that expells the poison from the system in the natural way. Cuts the phlegm and clears the head. Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

CLOTHES AND THE MAN.

Study the Lord of Creation and the Things He Wears.

See the man!

He wears a hat of straw, stiffened with glue until it is like the pelt of felt or silk, stiffened with gum shellac until it is like a cast iron pot. Inside this unyielding brim is a thick band of hard, stiff leather, re-enforced with inner bands of flannel. Result: compression of the blood vessels of the scalp, causing undue perspiration, headache and baldness.

About his neck in summer is a turn-down collar, which is a high, stiff fence of eight thicknesses of starched linen. This fits closely, leaving him unable to turn his head without great effort. Imbedded in this and tied in front in a thick, uncomfortable bunch is a tie of heavy cotton or silk, re-enforced with linings of quilted canton flannel.

His shirt has a stiff, unyielding front of the firmness of a priest's breastplate. This must be donned with dexterity and worn with care lest it break or bend. His waistcoat is made of heavy woolen cloth, and in summer he wears one of heavier, thicker and warmer duck or cheviot. This warmth and thickness, however, are only in front, where nature has already protected the lungs and heart. At his back, where protection is required against draft or chill, the waistcoat is of thin muslin.

His coat is built similarly, the fronts being re-enforced with lapels of many linings.

About his waist he buckles a belt so tightly as to interfere with breathing and circulation, yet can rarely get it tight enough to achieve its own purpose.

For this reason he must wear suspenders, which are probably the most uncomfortable garment known.

He carries a stick which has no pretense to use or beauty.

He has dozens of pockets into which he never puts anything.

He has buttons which button nothing and buttonholes which are not to be used.

He has strange jewelry of clumsy intent. Great buttons of uncouth shape must be thrust through stiffly starched layers of linen. Collar buttons must be lost and hunted for.

He has rings on his fingers, pins in his scarf, chains across his breast, fobs dangling from his pockets and study in his shirts.

He is not what he was created, but is what he has created.

Is the man a savage?

No; he is the lord of creation.—Life.

MILLET'S POVERTY.

Incident In the Life of the Great French Painter.

It seems almost incredible that Millet, painter of "The Angelus" and other world famous pictures, should have suffered from the poverty that forms the basis of the following story, but it is a fact that he did. One day, indeed, he found himself without food in the house for himself and his family. In his extremity Diaz offered to take two of Millet's drawings to Paris and make an effort to sell them. Evening came, the Millet family anxiously awaiting their friend's return. If he came back without the drawings it meant bread; with them, indeed. Night fell, the family sitting in darkness because they felt they could not afford a light.

At last they heard the stumping of Diaz's wooden leg as he crossed the little paved court and his hasty voice calling out: "Light! Light! Where is the light?" The family hurried to light a candle. But even while the head of the old fashioned sulphur match still was spluttering Diaz, who was a Spaniard and nothing if not temperamental, slapped down two loaves of bread on the table, one after another, in quick succession. When at last the candle was burning, he drew out 60 francs in gold, all save one piece, which he had been obliged to change to buy the bread. He arranged the gold pieces in a circle like a halo around the candle, ending with the change, of which he made a neat pile.

"Ah," sighed Millet as he regarded the unhoped for treasure, "if only I could count on a sum like this every week!"

"Would you turn capitalist?" reproachfully asked Diaz.

If to suffer is a spur to genius, is it a wonder that these Barbizon men were great painters?

Getting Even.

At the savings bank it is requisite to obtain the signature of new depositors to an identification form. Recently a lady with more independence of spirit than experience exhibited unwillingness to comply with the regulation.

"What is your husband's name?" asked the clerk.

"My husband's name is Peter Jones. What is your wife's name?" snapped the fair depositor.—London Scraps.

Unappreciated.

"I've worked for the party faithfully for the last twenty years," began the office seeker, "and I can say with truth that I never once asked for an office"—

"Great record," put in the party leader. "I wouldn't think of urging you to break it. Keep it up."—Philadelphia Press.

Memory.

Tommy—Pop, what is memory?

Tommy's Pop—Memory, my son, is something that enables us to forget the money we borrow and remember the money we lend.—Philadelphia Record.

Don't preach too much; do a kindness when you can.—Stead.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies.

For Judith.

By Burton Richard Greenley.

Copyrighted, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

Landon eyed the crumpled scrawl doubtfully, a fragment torn from a sheet of writing paper on which the characters were faintly penciled, broken here and there as if the writer's strength had failed: "If you want news of Jack Henderson it will be worth your while to follow the bearer of this without delay."

"Who sent this?" he said to the grimy faced gamin.

"Dunno. He blew in 'tween two days, an' the ole woman tuk him in. She 'lows he'll croak 'fore night."

Landon hesitated, but the memory of Judith's face on the day of Jack Henderson's flight urged him on. He followed the boy through the back streets to the tumbledown row of tenements down by the river known to the police as "Carter's Rents," along a black passage and across the court to a room at the back of the saloon, where the light, filtering through the unwashed panes of a small window, accentuated the poverty and filth. On the heap of rags in the corner a man stirred and moaned. Landon recognized him as one of the wrecks that had haunted the river front during the past summer.

"Here, take this and get some brandy—the best," and, thrusting a coin in the child's hand, he pushed him out and closed the door.

"So you have come to the end of your row, Red?"

The man on the floor opened his eyes.

"Yes; I'm where the best and the worst of us have to come, but we haven't time to be passing compliments. Do you know where Henderson is?"

"No. He has dropped out completely. What do you know of him?"

"What I brought you here to tell you—that he never stole that money."

"What!"

"I tell you the boy had nothing to do with it. Locke knew a thing or two about me—knew that I had escaped from Sing Sing—and he forced me to do his dirty work. I could not refuse. It was that or prison, but I'll swear I didn't know that the boy would get the blame for it. Locke wrecked the bank and had me doctor the books, making the entries in another man's writing. He gave me an old letter to copy it from; then he had me forge old Dalton's name to that check. I never did figure out just how he managed to lay it on the boy, but I reckon my false entries must have been in his writing, and when the young fool ran away that fastened it on him. Locke kicked me out like a dog when he got things fixed to suit him. I drifted south for a couple of months and came back like this. I didn't know my time was so short or I'd have sent for you before. Write it out and let me sign it."

Landon's pen flew over the paper. Black, ugly and fungible, the temptation whispered at his ear:

"Delay, gain time. Henderson free to come back, and Judith is lost to you."

The man on the floor moaned feebly.

"Hurry, Mr. Landon—it's getting dark—mighty dark. Get Mother Biddle and Jimmy Sullivan from the saloon for witnesses. Where's that boy with the brandy? There he is now." And he snatched eagerly at the bottle. "Get it done with, Mr. Landon. I cannot hold out much longer."

It was over, and Red Matthews lay back, panting from the exertion.

"I almost forgot," he said to Landon, "when I was over in St. Louis I met Don Battle. He told me about Henderson's trouble, the first I'd heard of it, and he said that a fellow from Laramie had told him about meeting Henderson in Santa Fe. He got on to his name by accident and didn't know that Don knew Henderson when he was telling it, so I reckon you will have to go to the jumping off place to find the boy. You will find him and set this straight, Mr. Landon?"

The glazing eyes sought for the face above him, and Landon answered, "Yes, Red, I'll find him."

* * * * * * *

He watched her come slowly down the stairs, the light of the great window behind her framing the little head in an aureole of sunset rays. His heart's lady—his no more! With blind resentment choking the words in his throat he blundered through the story of Red Matthews' confession, and then he found himself wondering at the self possession with which she discussed the ways and means of dealing with Peter Locke.

"Poor little Lilias! What a miserable tangle!" said Judith as they walked to the gate.

"Lilias?" He had forgotten Locke's daughter, the pretty little girl who had been Judith's shadow since Jack Henderson's flight. The position had reversed itself. It was Judith who would play consoler now.

Landon lost no time in placing the confession with the proper authorities. He swore out the warrant against Peter Locke, interviewed reporters and then, with Judith's letter in his pocket, started westward on his quest.

The limited paused just long enough to drop Landon at Umilitas, the straggling settlement strung along the track, half shanties, half tepees.

"Hotel?"

The station agent grinned and pointed to a house whose crazy clapboards rattled in the desert wind.

"Arrapahoe Kate is a-runnin' that there hash joint. She'll take you in, but you want to keep your guns handy."

And he strode off down the track.

The knot of lawlessness and half breeds made way for Landon. Kate stood in the doorway, leering a drunken welcome from under the man's hat slouched over her frowsy head.

"Grub's a-plenty an' Texas Charlie's hit the trail, leavin' his bunk behind," and upon that assurance Landon followed her to a cubbyhole back of the saloon, where the aforesaid bunk was located. Somewhere behind the thin partition a jangling piano roared and shrieked, and a chorus of discordant voices bellowed a medley of ribald songs. He could hear the snap of cards upon the tables, the clink of glasses, and then a few minor chords were struck, and a mellow baritone rolled forth in a border song of starry nights and women's faces. Landon sprang to his feet. He knew that voice, and he pushed the door open.

"Henderson?"

The singer, a handsome, haggard boy, sprang from the piano and started for the outside door, his eyes fixed on Landon's like those of a haunted animal at bay. Landon caught his arm.

"No, you don't, Jack. I have not come all this distance to lose you now."

Not a man stirred to interfere. The scene was too common in Umilitas, and Landon and his quarry passed out to the shelter of a clump of mesquite.

Then the boy faced him.

"See here, David Landon, if you have come here thinking to take me back I tell you now I won't go. I've reached my limit in singing for bread in this hellhole, and I'll never go home alive."

Landon's gray eyes bored their steady, sane insistence into the desperate brown ones.

"Shut up, Jack. You will go back with me tomorrow. I came here to find you, and I won't leave without you. Wait; hear me out! Locke's tool, Red Matthews, the forger, died last week. He made a clean breast of it, and we know—all Trenton knows—that you had nothing to do with wrecking the bank. Locke will die hard, but we have him cornered, and he has to take his medicine. Let go, boy. You are throttling me!"

Henderson's hands dropped, but he poured out a storm of questions.

"He confessed," Landon told me that Lilias did it—Lilias; that he had forced her to forge Dalton's name to that check in order to gain time with the New York people; that the truth must come out and she be tried for forgery unless I would take the blame upon myself to shield her, and my flight was the only thing that could save her. I never knew of those false entries on the books until I saw it in the papers—that was a forgery too. But what's the use of all this? You know all about it."

"Lilias!" Landon caught the tone to which Henderson uttered the name. The rest was meaningless babble. And Judith had sent him to bring her lover home!

Henderson was still pouring out his questions as Jack thrust the letter in the boy's hand. "Never mind all that. The girl had nothing to do with it. Red Matthews did the forgery. And Locke sent him out of town before he found out that you were accused of it. Here is Judith's letter." And he turned his back, every nerve a quiver with the blind rage that possessed him.

"Here's one for you!" And Henderson held out the sheet of paper.

You Dear Old Stupid David:

Who so blind as a man that will not see? When you have brought Jack back to Lilias Locke to comfort her in these black days of her father's disgrace, come to me and ask what you will. JUDITH.

Couldn't Be Done.

"Boys," began the Sunday school superintendent impressively, "I hope none of you will ever get into the reprehensible habit of alluding to your father as 'the old man.' When you grow up, no matter how big or old you may be, you should always look up to and respect the silver hairs of your father, who has grown bent and gray working for you in your helpless infancy. Now, all of you who think you can do this, please raise your right hands."

Up went every hand except one.

Sternly eying the delinquent, the superintendent solemnly observed:

"Why, young man, I am horrified, absolutely horrified, as well as astonished at your behavior. Don't you wish to raise your hand and put yourself on record as being willing to respect the gray hairs of your father when you grow up to be a man?"

"No. No use tryin'. Can't do it nohow," unblushingly responded the lad.

"Why not, sonny?"

"'Cause he ain't liable to have no gray hair. Dad's bald," chirped the youthful philosopher triumphantly, and amid a general titter the discomfited superintendent gave it up and passed on to something else.—Strand Magazine.

Berkshire Manners.

Mary Russell Mitford used to declare that there was no place in England like her "sunny Berkshire." As to the country people, they were unmatched for their suavity, courtesy and respectful manners. One day Miss Mitford was walking through a pasture with an incredulous London lady. There was a lad driving a cow, and his manners were to be tested. "Now," said Miss Mitford, "you will see how gallant are our country folk." There was a gate to be opened, and the boy opened it, and the ladies passed through. There was triumph on the part of Miss Mitford. The London lady put a question to the boy, "You're not Berkshire, I'm sure?" and this was the gentle boy's reply: "Thee'rt a liar, yer b——."

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 16, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—"Miss Petticoats" at the Lyceum to-morrow night.

—"The Lion and the mouse" is the attraction at the Lyceum next Thursday night.

—Miss Mary Geises of Turtle Point, who is quite well known in Smethport, was recently united in marriage to Eugene Harmon of Turtle Point, at Olean, by the Rev. Father Hamel.

—A sleighing party of girls and boys, with Miss Elsie Sherer and Miss Beatrice Gifford as chaperons, enjoyed a trip to Eldred Friday night and witnessed the basket ball game between Eldred and Bradford. Eldred was victorious.

—Fay Stryker, aged 21, and Miss Maud Vaughan, aged 17, of Keating Summit, eloped from their homes during Christmas week and were married. Once before they tried to outwit their vigilant parents and failed.—Potter Enterprise.

—Hon. R. P. Habgood of Bradford was one of the speakers at the dinner recently given to Hon. Alexander McClure, the veteran editor, upon his 80th birthday. The dinner was given at the Majestic Hotel at Philadelphia and was attended by over 400 prominent persons.

—Charles Batson of Sugar Grove, well known as a member of various hose running teams and a sprinter with a fast record, has signed with the Cuban Giants, the famous colored aggregation of ball players, and has gone South to practice with the team for the coming season's work.

—Married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank N. Blakeslee of No. 5744 Holden street, Pittsburg, on Tuesday, Miss Elizabeth Louise Blakeslee to Henry Duvall James. Mrs. Blakeslee and daughter have numerous relatives and friends in Smethport and vicinity who extend their best wishes on this happy occasion.

—Saturday morning Hazelhurst suffered from a disastrous fire which destroyed the postoffice building, a meat market and the big store of the Hazelhurst Supply Co. It is thought the fire started from an overheated stove in the general store. The conflagration was a fierce one and for a time other buildings were threatened with destruction. The loss is estimated at $20,000, with insurance of about $12,000.

—"The Dutchman's Honeymoon" at the Lyceum last Friday night more than pleased a fair-sized audience. It is a farce-comedy for laughing purposes only and the company presenting it is composed of good vaudeville performers who can sing and dance. The singing and dancing specialties introduced by William A. Bohme and Mlle. Camille Fauntleroy and those by Tom and Evelyn Ramsey were particularly clever numbers. Amie Ince, the tall and tragic lady, who plays "Mrs. Bridget Busch," was an immediate favorite, and the Dutch comedy work of Bohme and Cleary tickled the crowd immensely.

—Last Friday's Chicago Tribune says that Fielder Jones will manage the famous White Sox club this year. When seen last evening Mr. Jones said it was news to him, but he didn't deny it. The facts appear to be that Comisky has offered Manager Jones $20,000 for his services for two years, and that the manager-captain thought that about $10,000 more would be the correct figure. It is a good guess that Jones will manage the White Sox this year and that Comisky will raise the $20,000 offer. The Chicago fans and sporting writers demand that Jones be retained for they believe that he is the headiest manager in the business and that the Sox have a mighty good chance to land the pennant this year. So it is up to Comisky to meet Mr. Jones' figures or effect a satisfactory compromise.—Bolivar Breeze.

On Sunday the lifeless body of Gotlieb Bratz was found at the bottom of a forty foot embankment near Germania. The unfortunate man was 85 years of age and a veteran of the Civil war. He resided two miles from Germania and on Saturday he had gone into town to get his pension. Quite late in the afternoon he had started to walk home but was overtaken by a neighbor and rode with him a portion of the way. When leaving the wagon he was but a short distance from his home but must have been confused as to his location for he went in the opposite direction. It must have been dark when he reached Indian Creek and in helplessness wandered to the very edge of the embankment and by a misstep went rolling to the bottom. When found one shoe was tightly grasped in his hand, his face and body were badly scratched and bruised from the fall. The money and his watch were intact in his pocket, which would seem to show that it was an accident and not foul play. It is a very pathetic and tragic incident and shocking to the entire community, that this helpless old man should thus have perished.—Potter Enterprise.

Cures Women's Weaknesses.

We refer to that best-to-well, suffering woman known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Dr. John Fry one of the Editorial Staff of The Eclectic Medical Review says of Unicorn root (Helonias Dioica) which is one of the chief ingredients of the "Favorite Prescription":

"A remedy which specifically puts an end to the [illegible] and [illegible] of the [illegible] and [illegible] which [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS—$1.00 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.50 per year.

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Display advertisements published at the rate of $1 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

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Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Propr.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 16, 1908.

Announcements.

THE MINER is authorized to announce the name of Frank R. Foster of Smethport as a candidate for Clerk of the Courts of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held on April next.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 30, 1907.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner at the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

JOHN A. PETERSON.

Bradford, Jan. 6, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for County Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held April 11, 1908.

P. D. HOPKINS.

Keno, Jan. 3, 1908.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

OSCAR ENGSTROM.

Smethport, Jan. 7, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries.

W. I. OVIATT.

East Smethport, Pa., Jan. 1, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

C. W. FREEMAN.

Smethport, Jan. 9, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

W. H. MORRISON.

Smethport, Jan. 15, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce my name as candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

JOHN J. MCCAREY.

Annin Township, January 11, 1908.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

A. M. MARSH.

Bradford Township, Jan. 14, 1908.

Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April the 11th, 1908.

A. R. ANDERSON.

Clermont, Pa., Jan. 10, 1908.

NEIGHBOR LINDSLEY is worried about the effect the new postoffice ruling will have on the MINER'S subscription list. Forget it, neighbor. THE MINER now has more paid in advance subscribers than the Democrat has all told, and we will make a little wager that after the clean-up we will still have the "two to one" on the Democrat.

A. R. ANDERSON of Clermont announces in this issue that he is a candidate for County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Anderson is about 35 years of age and has been a resident of Clermont nearly all his life, where he has held many township offices with credit to himself and the people. He is a young Swedish American, well educated and well qualified to fill the office to which he aspires in a most satisfactory manner and the Republican voters can rest assured that if they choose him as a candidate for this important though not very remunerative office that he will do his work well.

IN regard to the candidacy of Mr. McCarey, whose announcement appears at the head of these columns, the Kane Republican very truthfully says: John J. McCarey, one the of substantial citizens of Annin township, has concluded to enter the lists as a candidate for County Commissioner. Mr. McCarey has been a resident of Annin township for many years where he enjoys the confidence and respect of his neighbors. He is a stalwat Republican ready at all times to do his duty. He is well fitted to preform the duties of the office to which he aspires and should he receive the nomination there is not the slightest question but the affairs of the county would be well cared for.

TO-DAY'S issue of the MINER contains the announcement of W. H. Morrison of Smethport as a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Morrison needs no introduction to the voters of McKean county as he is well known in all sections and is very popular. He is at present Deputy Sheriff and has filled several other positions calling for ability and integrity in the service of the people. In every instance he has proven his fitness and trustworthiness, and his record is an admirable one. Mr. Morrison has many friends who will do all in their power for his success at the coming primaries, and if nominated and elected there is no question but that he would look after the duties of that office in a creditable manner.

A. M. MARSH of Bradford township, announces himself in this week's MINER as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner. The Bradford Star says: A. M. Marsh, the present very efficient Jury Commissioner, is a Republican candidate for nomination for County Commissioner. Mr. Marsh is a native of this county. He was born in Marshburg and 30 years ago moved to Clarks Corners, just west of Bradford city, where he has since resided. He cast his first vote in 1872 at Lafayette Corners, when he voted for Grant for president. Mr. Marsh is a man of education. After completing his common school course he attended Edinboro normal school from which he graduated with honors. Mr. March became a school teacher and for over 25 years he followed that calling. Mr. Marsh has been very successful as a Jury Commissioner. He was captain taker in Bradford township, county committeeman, several times one of the board of viewers who assessed benefits and damages on many city improvements in Bradford. Mr. Marsh is a sterling Republican, and promises if he is nominated and elected to fulfill his duties of the Commissionership to the best of his ability.

SOMEONE who uses the non-de-plume, "A Republican" goes after us in last week's Democrat, and asks us to tell who did elect Mr. Isherwood, if the Swedish-Americans did not. We do not pose as all-wise, like the editor of the Democrat and his ilk, so we will not try to tell just who did elect this gentleman, but it is no hard task to prove conclusively that "A Republican" is wrong in his claim that the Swedish-Americans alone are responsible. Here are a few facts that may be interesting to the wise guy: Bradford city, which usually gives a Republican plurality of from 300 to 500, gave Mr. Isherwood a plurality of 347, a difference of 700, or thereabouts, and there are only about 125 Swedish-American voters in that city. In Mt. Jewett borough, a Swedish-American stronghold, Mr. Bannon received 56 votes to Mr. Isherwood's 44. And the tabulated vote shows that Mr. Bannon came nearest to getting his party vote in the districts where there are the most Swedish-American voters. In the county, outside of Bradford where there are nearly 1400 Swedish-American votes, Mr. Isherwood got a plurality of 317, and yet this A(nonymous) Republican has the gall to lay Mr. Bannon's defeat to the Swedish-Americans. We have never claimed that all the Swedish-Americans voted for Mr. Bannon (a few of them are Democrats) but we have claimed and still claim that they are not responsible for the defeat of our Republican candidate for county treasurer last fall. If such Republicans as Mr. Anonymous had stood as loyally by their party as the Swedish-Americans there would have been another man in the county treasurer's office to-day. This so-called Republican, whom Mr. Lindsley, editorially, says "cast his first vote for Abraham Lincoln in 1864, and has voted for every Republican President down to Roosevelt in 1904," but very carefully avoids stating how he has stood on local issues in years past, makes several personal flings at us and winds up his criticism thusly: "Backus is won't do. You can't carry water on both shoulders. Now to be honest, what are you a Democrat or Republican? From your recent wild vaporings it is hard for the intelligent reader of your paper to decide." He assumes that the MINER has only one "intelligent reader" and undoubtedly considers himself "it." (This is hard on Lindsley.) "It" hasn't the courage to sign the name "it" votes under but "it" has the gall to question our Republicanism. "It" is evidently ashamed of "it's" article in the Democrat, and as "it" is evidently about 64 years old, "it" ought to be

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

THE MIDWINTER OUTING.

This is the time for the midwinter outing. A dash of summer in the midst of winter is an agreeable variation. It makes for health and pleasure and stimulates vitality.

For the extended trip, Southern California, the fruit and flower land of the Pacific Coast, offers unrivalled attractions.

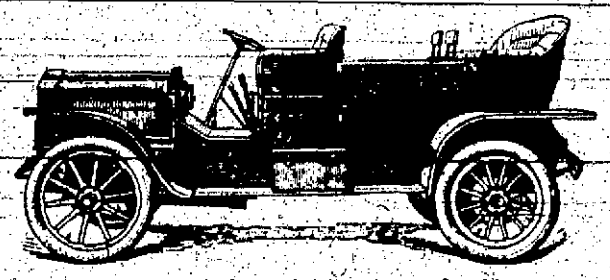
For the fortnight's trip, Florida, the summer garden of the Northern winter, bids you come and enjoy its genial sunshine, its tropical scenes and its out-door life.

For the ten days' outing' Pinehurst, Camden, Aiken, Augusta, Southern Pines and other popular resorts in the pine belt of the Carolinas and Georgia offer many inducements.

For the short trip—the week-end outing—Atlantic City is always attractive. The same breezes that depress the thermometer in summer seem to keep it up in winter. It offers great hotels on the ocean's edge, out-of-door life on land and sea, and a climate full of snap but shorn of the winter severity.

Before deciding on your midwinter outing consult a Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agent and get a Pennsylvania Railroad Winter Excursion Book. Whether you select California, Florida, the Carolinas, or Atlantic City, the Pennsylvania Railroad offers a comprehensive train service, reasonable rates and ticketing arrangements, and the best facilities that modern transportation methods can provide.

NEW 1908, MODEL K, WHITE STEAM CAR



F. H. Reed, General Sales Agent for McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elk and Clearfield counties, on and after January 1st, 1908, will have a first-class repair shop well equipped for all kinds of general repair work, and maintainence of Steam and other Cars. Expert workmen from factory. Your correspondence solicited.

F. H. REED, - - Clermont, Pa.

MID-WINTER SALE!

An exceptional opportunity of buying dependable goods at extreme reductions.

1 lot Misses' skirts, worth $3.00, now	$ 1.98
1 lot Ladies' skirts, worth $4.50 and $5.00, now	3.00
1 lot Ladies' skirts, worth $5.50	3.75
GREAT REDUCTIONS ALL ALONG THE LINE OF COATS	
1 lot Children's coats	1.75
1 lot Children's heavy flannel coats, lined, to close out at	1.98
1 lot Children's bear skin coats	2.75
1 lot Children's corduroy coats	2.98
1 lot Children's coats, were $6.00, now	4.25
Misses' coats reduced to $4.98 and $7.00.	
Ladies' coats reduced from $10.00 to	7.75
Ladies' coats reduced from $13.50 to	10.00
Ladies' coats reduced from $16.50 to	12.50
Ladies' coats reduced from $25.00 to	18.00

SPECIAL PRICES ON FURS AND MILLINERY AT COST

MRS. A. E. HINMAN

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee.

"Specially Blended Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at 20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

CUSTOMERS

Naturally the first customers of a Bank will be its directors and stockholders; when those are interested in and who know the organization have shown their confidence by intrusting their business to it there will be little difficulty in gaining the confidence of the public. But confidence is the first requisite. It is reasonable to expect every stockholder of a Bank to keep in close touch with it and to become a depositor. Theoretically, also, it is reasonable to expect each stockholder and depositor to influence their friends to become customers.

Grange National Bank of McKean County,

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

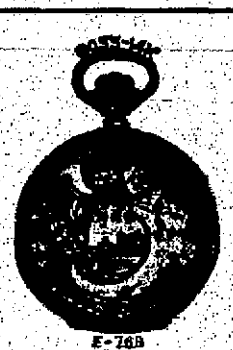
Curt Witherow
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

DR. E. R. BAKER,
DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS:
8:30 a. m. to 12 m,
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.
OPEN EVENINGS

SMETHPORT, PENNA.



E-76B

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. - Smethport

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills
FOR BACKACHE

BIG SHIRT SALE NOW ON AT RUBIN'S

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

The Brownell Store

ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS

Sole Agents for the Famous

Bartlett & Bowers' Blue Ribbon Coffee.

Every pound guaranteed to give satisfaction.
Call and see us.

Andrews & Scull.

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan Palmer House, 30c 35c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents 80c

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S

Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

JUST A WORD
WE CARRY
FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

THE LYCEUM

FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1908.

A Big Production of Great Dramatic Worth

MISS PETTICOATS

Dramatized from the Popular Book of the Same Name

Will be presented by

A STERLING COMPANY

Giving the BREATH of LIFE and REALITY to all the PATHOS and HUMOR of this MASTERLY PLAY

DONT MISS
THIS POWERFUL PLAY
THIS GRAND PRODUCTION
THIS CAREFULLY SELECTED CO.
THIS CLEVER MINGLING OF HEART THROBS AND COMEDY HITS

Prices: 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00.
Seats on Sale at Wells' Drug Store, Monday, January 12th.

THE LYCEUM

ONE NIGHT ONLY

THURSDAY, JANUARY 23

THE TALK of ALL AMERICA

Henry B. Harris Will Again Present

The Dramatic Success of the Century

THE LION

AND

THE MOUSE

BY CHAS. KLEIN,
Author of "The Music Master."

THE PRODUCTION IN ITS ENTIRETY

3 Years in New York—3 Years
8 Months in Chicago—8 Months
6 Months in Boston—6 Months

Prices, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50
Seats on sale at Wells' Pharmacy.

BLANKETS WHIPS

We carry a full line of
HORSE BLANKETS
for both
Stable and Street Wear.
Prices from $1.25 to $5.00.
Rawhide whips with vulcanized coverings.
Will always keep their shape.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 16, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Argument court is in session this week.

—Don't fail to see "Miss Petticoats" at the Lyceum to-morrow night.

—H. W. Rubin tells of a shirt sale now on at his store in his ad this week.

—L. K. Hogarth has a new ad. this week in which some seasonable announcements are made.

—Grasp this saving opportunity, which Monheimer offers in his ad on this page, to stock up with clothing.

—The Pennsylvania railroad in an advertisement this week discusses the midwinter outing question in an interesting manner.

—Mrs. A. E. Hinman is conducting a midwinter sale at her store this week and quotes some remarkably low prices in her ad to-day.

—The Lindholm Co. has a large ad this week telling of its big January clearance sale. Read it over carefully for some bargains are offered.

—Tuesday Justice Gleason gave orders to the following persons for bounties: Frank Oviatt, three foxes; E. W. Wilcox, one fox and two weasels; W. M. Kinney, one mink and one weasel; E. C. Cheney, two weasels. These bounties amounted to $14.

—If all subscribers were like A. B. Armstrong, Esq., of Smethport what a pathway of roses the county editor's life would be, and the postoffice department would not have to make delinquent subscriber rulings. He advanced his subscription to the MINER to the year 1918 this week.

—A series of gospel meetings are being held at the Union Church, at East Smethport, Rev. J. Smith, assisted by Evangelist Kenzie, Ensign Rutlege and Captain Young of the Salvation Army, are conducting the meetings. Good music and good speaking are drawing large audiences. All are welcome.

—Esther, the two year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Barbour of Center street, met with a deplorable accident last Friday night that is very liable to cause the loss of sight in one of her eyes. The little one was sitting on her 12-year-old brother's lap, and he was using a jack-knife in removing the wrapper from a newspaper. In some way Esther made a quick motion that threw her in the way of the knife and a severe cut an inch long was made in her eye, the knife penetrating the eye-ball. The little one was taken to the Olean hospital Saturday and a specialist attended to the injury. Reports Tuesday night said that she was as comfortable as possible, but the wound is a serious one.

—Early Tuesday morning Milo W. Peterson, brakeman on the Pennsylvania, was killed while switching in the yard at North Olean. His foot was caught in a frog; cars passing over one leg and part of his side. His death followed in about two hours at the hospital. He was 38 years of age.

—Your attention is directed to the advertisement concerning "The Lion and the Mouse," which is the attraction at the Lyceum next Thursday evening, Dec. 23. The company presenting this popular play is said to be equal to the one which appeared in Smethport last season and which gave excellent satisfaction.

—At a meeting of the stockholders of the Grange National Bank on Tuesday the following were elected members of the board of directors: D. C. Young, A. B. Armstrong, John N. Apple, G. B. Mayo, W. C. Daly, M. S. Comes, Geo. Richards, J. C. Stull, Geo. Smith, A. A. Abbey, Darius Simpson, F. E. Baldwin, W. F. Hill, J. G. McHenry and J. B. Oviatt.

—At the regular meeting of the stockholders of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Company, the following directors were elected, Henry Hamlin, Orlo J. Hamlin, John Forrest, F. D. Gallup, Jas. A. McKean, Charles McKean, C. D. Comes, H. H. Redfield and Ralph E. Burdick. The regular 10% annual dividend was declared; which makes $100,000.00 that has been paid to the stockholders in dividends in the last five years and the capital, surplus and undivided profits are now $275,000.00.

—Eldred is now served with a splendid train and mail service. Eight trains a day bringing mail gives us considerable advantage over most country towns. Smethport, the county seat, receives but two mails.—Eagle. This last statement is, if possible, more absurd than would naturally be expected of the Eagle. Smethport receives and sends out two mails per day over the Pennsylvania and five in and five out via the Kushequa Route over the B., R. & P. In fact the mail service to and from all parts of the United States enjoyed by Smethport is fully equal, probably superior, to Eldred's. To use the Eagle's system of figuring Smethport has 14 mails per day. Furthermore the county seat has three express companies represented, and has direct freight connections with three trunk lines—Pennsylvania, B., R. & P. and Erie, to say nothing of the main line of the P., S. & N. railroad which passes through the town.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The Charming "Miss Petticoats."

The mission of dispelling with sunshine and brightness is indeed glorious and in probably no better or larger field of usefulness to-day can this mission be fulfilled than in that of the world of theatre. Nearly everyone attends the theatre now-a-days and in its power for good in the community is hardly less than that of the church. No more fascinating, uplifting, powerful sermon could be preached than a performance of that "ideal New England play," "Miss Petticoats." How it grips the heartstrings with the memories of youth; how it charms the eye with the beauty and fragrance of New England scenes; how delightful to mingle in the joy and sorrows of these fine types of true hearted men and women, descended from the good old Puritan stock. The potency of the smile to drive away the tear is recognized all over the world and the most charming personage to-day on the stage is "Miss Petticoats" so called, as a pet name, by old Cap. Stuart of New Bedford who brought up his granddaughter on board the old whaler at an ancient wharf. His shipmates were her playmates and through her struggles and triumphs, they "stayed by" her through thick and thin and their honest, spicy wit provides much fun in the play. Their four-in-hand dance at the ball of the Countess Forney is a novel and amusing feature and brings down the house. When the book was written about five years ago it was widely read and talked over and everyone became familiar with the scarlet cloak of "Miss Petticoats" and were anxious to see it produced as a play for its many points of interest. It was first presented at the Boston Theatre and was pronounced a brilliant play with a great future and has fulfilled these prophesies. It has made a distinct hit wherever produced having emotional power combined with a real flavor of New England wit that leaves a clear sweet taste behind. A very well trained company of selected actors and actresses will give this popular play at the Lyceum to-morrow night.

In Memoriam.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North Wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own O, Death."

In the death of our dear friend, Mrs. Hamlin who has gone before to that "unknown and silent shore," we feel a great sorrow. As I turn the leaves of memory, there comes to me out of the past many pleasant hours spent in her presence.

Her heart and home was always open to the children and we made the most of the good times. As years were added joys and great sorrows came into her life. She had true courage, and bore her grief with meekness and patience.

We shall miss our life-long friend and neighbor. But to "live in the hearts we leave behind is not to die."

"We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro."

"Our very hopes belied our fears
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died."

"Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom—
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly from that hushed and darkened room,
Two Angels issued where one went in."

***

If a cough once gets into your system it acts on every muscle and fibre of the body and makes you ache all over. It especially affects the intestines and makes you constipated, so in order to get rid of a cold thoroughly and without delay you should not take anything that will tend to constipate. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup acts upon the bowels and thereby drives the cold out of the system. It contains no opiates—it is pleasant to take and is highly recommended for children. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Notice to Team Owners.

Teams wanted to haul wood by the day or cord. Steady from now until spring. Good contracts given to responsible parties.

B. F. HAZELTON CO.

For particulars write or call on H. E. LINDQUIST, Hazelhurst, Pa.

To Rent.

Modern house, with hot and cold water and bath, $9 per month. Inquire of J. C. Gallup, postmaster. tf

Personal Mention.

P. E. Brown passed Sunday last in Mt. Jewett.

John Digel passed Sunday last in Mt. Jewett.

Warley Gifford was a Bradford visitor Tuesday.

John O. Sonburg of Bradford was in town Saturday.

H. H. Redfield made Coudersport a business visit Monday.

Mrs. Fred Backus of Olean visited in Smethport this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Provin of Olean were in town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reynolds are in New York city this week.

Miss Lee Raymer of Olean was a guest of friends in town the first part of the week.

Miss Jennie Ryan of Kane is a guest of her sister, Mrs. R. C. Gleason, this week.

Miss Tavia Raymer has returned from a visit with Pittsburg and Philadelphia friends.

Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Raymond made Mt. Jewett relatives and friends a visit Sunday.

Miss Katherine Hubbard has returned from a visit with Miss Hazel Drake of Bradford.

Miss Nina Provin of Warsaw N. Y., is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. S. Sloan of this place.

Mrs. William Hafner departed Saturday for Jersey Shore where she is visiting relatives.

Elisha K. Kane of Kushequa was a business visitor in Smethport the latter part of last week.

Mrs. Percy Berkwater, formerly Miss Roxie Provin, of Mt. Jewett, was in town Saturday last.

Miss Viola Bush of Olean is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Bush, of Bank street.

Harry M. Dudley of Olean, machinist for the International Harvester company, was in town yesterday.

Mrs. Chas. G. Messler and children of Kane were guests of relatives and friends in town during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Abbey have returned from their honeymoon journey and are pleasantly located in Smethport.

M. Swisher of the Mt. Jewett News was in town Tuesday on business duties and found time to make the MINER office a pleasant visit.

Charles Geary, Jr., and wife of Salamanca, N. Y., were spending part of their honeymoon with Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Geary of the Imperial this week.

Harry L. Wilson of Glassboro, N. J., was in town this week a guest of Dr. F. C. Pierce. Mr. Wilson formerly resided in Smethport and has a host of friends who are always glad to see him.

Miss Pearl Camp of Bradford, who has been visiting relatives and friends in Smethport and Olean, departed Monday for her home for a brief visit before returning to her studies at the Villa Marie academy at Erie.

Thomas Fraley of Buffalo, formerly a well known citizen of this town, was renewing old friendships in Smethport during the week. It is understood that Mr. Fraley is now employed by the Smethport Chemical company.

Mrs. V. J. Coleman and son, Lawrence, of Port Allegany, were guests of Smethport relatives from Saturday until Monday. Lawrence will in the future look after the MINER'S interests in Port Allegany regarding collections and subscriptions.

Van Daly, a well known Bradford printer, who is at present sojourning at Ormsby, was in town Saturday and called at the MINER office. According to Van the leap year dance at Ormsby Friday night was a social success of the first magnitude and largely attended, a large number of Smethport people being among the out-of-town guests. Chadwick's orchestra of this place furnished the music.

Attorney W. J. Milliken of Bradford was called to Smethport last Saturday by the serious condition of his nephew, the late Hon. T. F. Richmond, and was at his bedside when death occurred. Mr. Milliken's devotion to his nephew was always fatherly in its tenderness, and aside from the wife and son there is no one upon whom the blow of Mr. Richmond's death falls more heavily.

WE ARE NOT GOING OUT OF BUSINESS

BUT WE ARE CLOSING OUT ALL

OVERCOATS and SUITS

of this season's make, at prices that hardly cover ACTUAL COST of material and labor.

We must "clear decks" for spring business, hence all

MEN'S and BOYS' SUITS and OVERCOATS

go at this sacrifice.

$2.25 for Suits or Overcoats worth $3.50 and $4.00.

$3.75 for Suits or Overcoats worth $5.00 to $6.50.

$5.00 for Suits or Overcoats worth $7.50 to $8.50.

$7.50 for Suits or Overcoats worth $10.50 to $12.50.

$11.75 & $13.50 for Suits or Overcoats worth $15.00 to $22.50.

Don't delay—Come just as soon as you can and take your pick

WM. MONHEIMER

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES.

The January Clearance

SALE!

It's in full swing now with cut prices in all departments—We are finishing up the Winter stocks in preparation for the Spring goods, which will begin to arrive within the next thirty days.

The present stock of Laces and Embroideries is also included in the sale at prices which will provide you trimmings for your Spring white sewing at much less than you will be able to get them for a month later from the new line—Patterns all choice, too.

This is the way prices are cut—

WAISTS Reduced 1-4
Silk and Net
Regular prices $2.25 to $5.75.
January Sale $1.69 to $4.31.

SKIRTS Reduced 1-3
Black and Colors.
Regular prices $4.00 to $16.50.
January Sale $2.67 to $11.00.

FURS 1-2 price
Special lot of Oppossum, Fox and Bear Scarfs and Muffs at half price.
All others reduced ⅓.
Regular prices $2.25 to $21.00.
January Sale $1.13 to $14.00.

FEATHER BOAS, Reduced 1-3
Black, White and Colors.
Regular prices, $2.00 to $9.75.
January Sale $1.34 to $6.50.

TAMOSHANTERS, Reduced 1-4
Regular prices 28c to $1.00.
January Sale 21c to 75c.

Outing Flannel Gowns Reduced 1-4
Regular prices 50c to $1.00.
January Sale 38c to 75c.

Ladies' Wool Underwear Reduced 1-4
Union Suits and Separate Garments. Natural Grey and White.
Regular prices $1.00 to $2.75.
January Sale 75c to $2.07.

Flannelettes Reduced 1-4
Regular price 15c per yd.
January Sale 11c per yd.

Monarch Shirts Reduced 1-4
Your pick of any Negligee shirt in the store.
Regular prices $1.00 to $2.00.
January Sale 75c to $1.50.

Dress Goods Reduced 1-4
The complete stock of Blacks and Colors.
Regular prices 25c to $2.00.
January Sale 19c to $1.50.

Men's Wool Underwear Reduced 1-4
Union Suits and Separate Garments.
Regular prices $1.00 to $3.75.
January Sale 75c to $2.81.

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

HON. S. B. HERMAN IS WELL AGAIN

Noted Oregon Statesman Restored to Health on Recent Eastern Trip.

Hon. Shiller B. Herman, distinguished statesman and legislator of Portland, Oregon, who was recently on an eastern trip, is among those strongly in favor of L. T. Cooper, in the discussion over Cooper and his medicines, which has raged for the past year in cities visited by the young man on his educative campaigns, as he calls them.

Cooper was explaining his new theories and medicines to Boston people during the Oregonian's visit to that city, and in a recent interview Mr. Herman said: "My trip east accomplished more for me than I ever believed possible. It has actually been the means of restoring my health. While in Boston I heard a great deal about this man Cooper and his medicines, and one morning I talked with a Boston banker who told me that he had been relieved by Cooper's medicines after ten years' chronic dyspepsia. For the past twenty years I have been a fearful sufferer with nervous dyspepsia. It has been so bad that it all but forced me to resign from the legislature.

"I was feeling wretchedly that morning, and I made up my mind to try the medicine. I had seen leading physicians without number both East and West. They had been unable to help me in the least, and I no more believed this Cooper medicine could help me than it could bring a dead man back to life. I really don't know why I bought it. It was like a drowning man clutching at a straw.

"To make a long story short, it has been astonishingly successful in my case. Today I am enjoying a sound stomach and perfect health for the first time in twenty years. I can eat heartily without the slightest inconvenience afterward. I have a fine appetite, and sleep well. I am no longer moody and depressed, and my nervousness has entirely disappeared.

"Any man who has chronic dyspepsia owes it to his family to try this medicine."

In all our experience as druggists, we have never seen anything to surpass the famous Cooper preparations. —McCoy's Drug Store.

When Like Cures Like.

By TROY ALLISON.

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Minna Reed almost ran down the steps from the house bearing the sign "Mme. Volret, Clairvoyant." The lady's communications had quiet all her pre-conceived plans and ideas. Her mother had always opposed her trying anything of the kind, but when she saw the sign an overwhelming desire to inquire into things unknown had beset her. The rest of the party had gone down to the beach, and after staying in her room at the summer hotel for an hour with a headache she had slipped out to buy a fascinating kimono she had seen in a Japanese store the day before. The clairvoyant's sign had caught her eye, and for a whole hour she had sat in the darkened stuffy little room with her nerves all at strained attention.

She went back to her room and walking straight to the dresser, looked regretfully at the picture of a frank boyish face surrounded by a little plain gold frame.

"I never would have thought it," she whispered. "I thought you were the truest, noblest thing on earth. And she said the man with black eyes, now one of my circle of acquaintances, was deceitful to the core and that if I did not separate his path from mine he would prove the blighting sorrow of my life. Jimmy, dear, it seems impossible to believe you could bring sorrow into any one's life, but it must have been she meant, for you are the only man of my acquaintance who has black eyes." And, being only nineteen and believing she had come face to face with the big sorrow of her life she threw herself across the bed and sobbed because she felt that she must immediately take steps to separate Jimmy Kent's path from hers—Jimmy, who had lent her his red ball to play with the very first day she went to kindergarten.

James Kent, unconscious of the heavy cloud of suspicion hovering over him, came from his ocean swim and lay idly on the sand, hoping Minna would get over her headache and walk down to the beach. Finally, sunburned and glowing, he went back to the hotel and found her on the veranda, gazing listlessly at the sea.

"Is it as bad as all that, little girl? You are the most forlorn looking specimen I ever saw," he said as he sat on the porch rail and eyed her commiseratingly.

Minna seeing the sympathy in his eyes, wished fervently that they were any other color than black.

"What on earth made you have black eyes, Jimmy? I dislike them so!" she said petulantly.

Jimmy opened the offending orbs very wide in his surprise.

"By Jove, you are a queer one, Minna! You told me yesterday, down on the beach that I had the most beautiful eyes you ever saw. Positively made me blush to know I was so beautiful. 'Fraid to sleep in them last night lest I should spoil 'em. And now—Minna, you haven't met any fellow with gray eyes, have you?" he asked suspiciously.

"No, I haven't," indignantly, "but black eyes are treacherous—and—I never could trust them."

Whether they were treacherous or not was left an open question, but they certainly proved persuasive, and finally Jimmy was in possession of the whole story.

"Minna Tweel, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Do I look like a blighting sorrow?" mimicking her forlorn tone. "I might be mistaken for a prize fighter," exhibiting his muscular arm with pride, "but I'm blamed if I'd know how to start out in the blighting sorrow business."

Minna, anxious to believe, still looked dubious.

"If your eyes only weren't black!" she sighed.

"Now, look here, my child, I'd get a special act of congress to change them to suit you if I could. You know I've done everything to please you all my life. Why will you believe that utter rot? Did she tell you anything tangible that you absolutely know was true?" Jimmy was in training for a lawyer and wanted to contest all evidence in the case.

"She told me my name and age," triumphantly.

"Didn't you have to write it on a piece of paper first?" suspiciously.

"Y-yes, but she didn't see it—honestly she didn't. I folded it tightly and put it on the table, and she sat and toyed with it while she talked."

"The mischief she didn't see it!" growled Jimmy. "Anything else?"

"She said I had an Aunt Mary in the spirit land that was trying to guide me," hesitatingly.

"See there! You never had an Aunt Mary in your life! It's all plain humbug." Jimmy spoke with the satisfaction of one willing to leave his case in the hands of an intelligent jury.

"No, I never had, but mamma had, and the clairvoyant said aunts and great-aunts were all the same in the spirit world."

Jimmy positively groaned with disgust.

"She might safely hit on an Aunt Mary. Nearly everybody living has an aunt or great-aunt or great-great-great-aunt Mary. But she had no business fooling with my eyes."

He sat sulkily silent, then grinned with a thought that made him wonder if he would not some day bear to the realms of the metaphysical the same relation that Edison bears to things physical.

"Young woman, I would not take a hopeless verdict upon my eyes from any one occult. Neither will I have them condemned by any one clairvoyant. I demand a consultation. If I get the party together, will you go to another clairvoyant this evening?" he demanded.

"I would be so glad to find that the first one was mistaken," she said fervently.

It was a busy hour running for Mrs. Kent. Finally he found a person sufficiently good natured and pliable to fill his requirements.

"Remember, you are to entirely free her mind from the idea. I'll send her in third. You couldn't fail to know her, anyway. She's the prettiest one in the bunch. It's cheap at $10, and if she gets over her fear of black eyes, by Jove, I'll send you another fiver tomorrow." And Mme. Ardetta, enthusiastic under the powerful stimulus, promised to do her best.

That night when the moon cast a long path of light over the waves a couple sat far down the beach in a spot removed from the crowd.

"She told me my name without my writing it!" Minna said in awed tones. "She is simply wonderful! Said for me never to have any confidence in fakes that made me write questions and fold them on a table that they had blank papers folded just like them, and when they were toying with the ones I wrote that they would substitute the blank one and leave it on the table and take mine in their hand under the edge of the table and read it. That's exactly what that first woman must have done. I've lost faith in her entirely, and, Jimmy boy, she said that the only person I need avoid and be suspicious of was a blond man with a Vandyke beard."

Young Mr. Kent stroked his beardless chin. "Thank heaven I haven't a blond Vandyke," he said piously. "I'm she tell you anything about—er—me?" he asked cautiously.

"Not exactly, but she said that my real affinity was—was a man I had known since childhood."

"Now, that," said Mr. Kent, with great gratification, "suits me exactly. I'd rather be called an affinity any day than a blighting sorrow." He joyously possessed himself of the girl's hands, and she had evidently lost all fear of treachery.

Afterward, with her head resting comfortably against his tweed shoulder, she spoke musingly. "She said that the greatest trial of her life was that there were so many fakes that brought discredit upon her glorious profession."

"Never you mind, little girl; I'm not so easily imposed upon, and you'll have me with you all through life to help pick out the real article," and the treacherous Mr. Kent lifted her face until he could look adoringly into it.

The moon, as if by special contract, came from under a cloud at just the right moment, and she saw his expression.

"Jimmy, I don't believe any one else ever had such wonderfully honest eyes," she said happily.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Coleridge's Defense of the Songster as Not a Melancholy Bird.

The traditional view of the nightingale's song is supremely given in the familiar lyric by Richard Barnefield. Here the poet finds the forlorn bird, with "her breast up-till a thorn," earnestly pouring forth her melodious sorrow. Milton in his juvenile sonnet apostrophizes the ineffable singer as giving forth notes that portend success in love, and when he comes to describe sober pleasures in "Il Penseroso" he appropriately finds the same strains "most musical, most melancholy." Against this Coleridge enters a vigorous protest in "The Nightingale; a Conversation Poem," characteristically advancing in the following passage a general truth and a specific criticism:

A melancholy bird? Oh, idle thought!
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night wandering man whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong
Or slow distemper or neglected love
(And so, poor wretch, filled all things with himself
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow), he, and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain.

Annotating this, the poet further illustrates his philosophic acuteness and takes the opportunity of expressing his loyalty to his eminent poetical predecessor. "This passage in Milton," the note runs, "possesses an excellence far superior to that of mere description. It is spoken in the character of the melancholy man and has therefore a dramatic propriety. The author makes this remark to rescue himself from the charge of having alluded with levity to a line in Milton, a charge than which none could be more painful to him except perhaps that of having ridiculed his Bible."

In a letter to Christopher North, Wordsworth refers to the "false notions" regarding the nightingale's song and expresses his belief that Coleridge's poem, with its theory that "in nature there is nothing melancholy," will in all likelihood "contribute greatly to rectify these." In his own poem "Enterprise" he touches on the same point and alludes to the nightingale as "the sweet bird, misnamed the melancholy." It is hardly necessary to add that Keats in his great ode "To a Nightingale" rises to exquisite rapture over the happiness manifested in the singing of the "light winged dryad of the trees."—London Notes and Queries.

What He Had to Learn.

Pater—My wife's learning the piano, my daughter's learning the violin and my son's learning the banjo. Sater—And you are learning nothing? Pater—Oh, yes; I'm learning to bear it.

It will be unnecessary for you to go through a painful, expensive operation for Piles if you use ManZan. Put up in collapsible tube with nozzle, ready to apply to the soreness and inflammation. For any form of Piles, price 50, guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

BURIED IN CEMENT.

The Story of an Arab Boy Who Renounced Mohammedanism.

According to history, there was born about the year 1530 an Arab boy named Geronimo. He was captured in infancy by the Spanish garrison at Oran, and when about eight years old he escaped from his captors and went back to his family, living as a Mohammedan until the age of twenty-five. He then voluntarily returned to Oran and resumed the Christian life which he had adopted previously when in the hands of the Spanish authorities. A few years later he went on a coasting raid with a party of Spaniards, but the raiders were themselves captured by a Moorish corsair and brought to Algiers. Here the attempt was made to convert him to Mohammedanism, but he persistently refused to embrace that faith, so that he was tried and condemned to die. His hands were tied behind his back, and he was cast alive, face downward, into a block of concrete then being prepared for the Fort des Vingt Quatre Heures, then building. Careful note was taken of the spot by Haldo, a Spanish Benedictine missionary to Algiers, who prayed the time might come when the Lord would pave the way for his exhumation and Christian burial. In 1853, the French found it necessary to destroy the fort, and the data left by Haldo were found to be correct, for the designated block of concrete on being cut open disclosed the bones of Geronimo and the cavity left by his body. The bones were removed Dec. 27, 1853, and given Christian burial, and they now rest in a massive stone sarcophagus in the cathedral. A plaster cast was made of the cavity and afterward photographed.—Cement Age.

AN UNCONQUERED PEAK.

Lizard Head on Mount Wilson Has Defied the Climbers.

The mountains and peaks of the San Juan in northwestern Colorado present a different appearance from any of the northern Rockies.

They are grander, more precipitous with sharper pinnacles and more jagged in outline. In height Mounts Mausive, Eldert and Blanca slightly outrank those of the San Juan, but no where else can be found whole groups of mountains rearing their heads to and above 14,000 feet.

Mount Wilson—14,250 feet—the dominant peak, is one of the most massive in the entire Rocky mountain range. Just east of this mountain is the remarkable trachyte obelisk called Lizard head. The vivid imagination of an early pioneer who had been "seeing things" is said to be responsible for the name.

The summit is 14,160 feet above the sea. From a ponderous base the pinnacle rises 200 feet, with a diameter at the foot of only about sixty feet, gradually tapering to less than half that at the top.

Lizard head has defied all attempts of mountain climbers to reach its summit. The foot of the pinnacle is easily accomplished, but thus far the steep sides of the 200 foot shaft have proved insurmountable. No doubt the time will come when the venturesome mountain climber will find a way, but many a failure is the record of the past.

Trains circle this mountain for miles on the way from Telluride to Rico.—New York Post.

Two Horse Tales.

An Albanian who had been in an eastern state while freshets were in full swing told the following about a horse which had been attached to a footbridge crossing a brook to keep the structure from going adrift. The flood finally swept horse and bridge down stream. Later the bridge was discovered lodged against the bank with the horse sitting quietly on the former.

A bystander who had listened intently to this tale remarked quietly:

"I see suthin' similyar oncet."

"Indeed? What was it?" asked the story teller.

"Ye see," was the reply, "arter the hoss I see was took down stream nobuddy ever 'spected to see him alive agin. But he was a pow'ful sort o' brute, an' 'bout a hour afterward we see him a-comin' up stream a-pullin' the blame old bridge arter him!"—Albany Journal.

Mortar Towers.

There is no hod carrying in Japan. The native builders have a method of transporting mortar which makes it seem more like play than work—to the onlooker. The mortar is mixed in a pile in the street. One man makes this up into balls of about six pounds weight, which he tosses to a man who stands on a ladder midway between the roof and the ground. This man deftly catches the ball and tosses it up to a man who stands on the roof.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Women and the Theater.

The first aim of the modern playwright is to please the women in the audience. The second thought is for the female characters in the play. If a play finds favor with the women it is bound to be a success. The men will go if only because she is there or to act as her escort.—Theater Magazine.

Had to Keep Ideals.

"Why don't you get married?"

"Oh, it would be absolutely fatal to my literary work."

"What do you write?"

"Love stories."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When a quarrel is the breakfast food look out for marital indigestion.—Manchester Union.

Do you have backache occasionally, or "stitches" in the side, and sometimes do you feel all tired out, without ambition and without energy? If so, your kidneys are out of order. Take DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They promptly relieve backache, weak back, inflammation of the bladder and weak kidneys. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

COULDN'T BE BLUFFED.

The Judge Raised, but the Culprit Promptly Called.

A correspondent sends in the following account of an incident which occurred in his presence in a Kentucky courtroom:

Under the laws of Kentucky the penalty for gaming is a fine of from $20 to $50. Judge W. S. Jones was holding a term of circuit court, and when the case of the commonwealth of Kentucky against Daniel Crum was called he asked Daniel if he had a lawyer to defend him. Daniel said he had not, and Judge Jones asked him what he wanted to do about his case, which was a charge of gaming.

"I don't know, hardly, judge," said Daniel. "I thought I would just pay it off."

"Were you actually playing?" said the judge.

"I guess we were," Daniel replied.

"About how much were you playing for, Daniel?" the judge asked.

"Oh, nothing much," said Daniel, "just a nickel or dime on the corner."

"Well, Daniel," said the judge, "I will see your dime and raise you $20."

Daniel looked rather crestfallen for a moment; but, catching the force of the judge's remark, he quickly looked up at the judge and said, "Well, judge, I am satisfied that you have got me beat, so I'll not raise you, but I guess I will have to call you."—Law Notes.

EXPENSIVE BOOKS.

Prices That Prevailed Before the Invention of Printing.

In the present day it seems very strange to read about the prices of books before the invention of printing.

King Alfred gave a very large estate for a book on cosmography. In the year 1174 Walter, prior of St. Swithin's at Winchester, purchased of the monks of Dorchester, in Oxfordshire, "Bede's Homilies" and "St. Austin's Psalter" for twelve measures of barley and a pall on which was embroidered in silver the history of St. Birinus converting a Saxon king.

About the year 1400 a copy of John of Meun's "Roman de la Rose" was sold before the palace gate at Paris for 40 crowns, or about $176.

The Countess of Anjou paid for a copy of the "Homilies of Haimon," bishop of Halberstedt, 200 sheep, five quarters of wheat and the same quantity of rye and millet.

In 1471, when Louis XI. of France borrowed the works of Illasis, the Arabian physician, from the faculty of medicine at Paris he not only deposited by way of pledge a considerable quantity of plate, but he was obliged to procure a nobleman to join with him as surety in a deed binding himself under a great forfeiture to restore the books.

No Time to Lose.

"Sir," said the young man, entering the office, "I sent you a communication yesterday!"

"Well?" asked the grim faced man.

"Well, Mr. Prater, I thought perhaps you might give me a reply to my request, and"—

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Prater. "Are you the man that sent this account for £10 for hats for my daughter?"

"No, sir; I"—

"Then you are the one that left this bill for £53 for her dresses?"

"No, sir. My commu"—

"Then it must be this for £7 for shoes"—

"No, sir. My note was one asking if I might have your daughter's hand."

"You want to marry her!" gasped Mr. Prater. Then, turning over the pile of bills, he urged: "Take her, young man! I don't know your name but take her quickly! She's talking about doing some more shopping!"—London Scraps.

A Paris Restaurant.

The Parisian men are not likely to grumble at being asked to dine in dress clothes in any particular London restaurant, for they have in Paris one dining place where this unwritten law has always been enforced. No man ever goes to dine at the Armenonville in the Bois de Boulogne without putting on his dress clothes. Why fashion has decreed that a Frenchman may dine at any of the boulevard restaurants in tenue de ville, but must wear a swallowtail coat when he drives to the big park of Paris to dine, no one knows. It is custom, and there is a Parisian is the end of it.—Bellman.

The Effect on the Nerves of Gambling.

How can a man do his daily work quietly, which represents perhaps only the earning of a few shillings, when his anxious other neurotic self is wondering how a horse he has never seen, ridden by a jockey he has only heard of, in a race he has only read about, is faring as to money—ostensibly his, which he cannot afford to lose because he has not perhaps got it if he should have to pay? Is such an existence likely to add to the race value of our stock of fleeting patriotism?—Fry's Magazine.

Made Him a Sinker.

Farmer Jones (to amateur hunter)—There wasn't a better water dawg livin' until you shootin' gents took to borrowin' 'im. Now 'is 'ide's that full of shots he'd sink to the bottom like a brick."—London Bystander.

The Meek.

"You should try to be a little less assertive, my dear. Remember, 'the meek shall inherit the earth.'"

"Oh, yes; I dare say they will—when the others have done with it!"—London Opinion.

Joys are not the property of the rich alone.—Horace.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

HOME OF THE DOLL.

Methods of the Ingenious Thuringian Toymakers.

Dollmaking did not become complicated as an industry in the Thuringian mountains until the middle of the nineteenth century, when a citizen of Sonneberg brought from London a doll which was regarded as a great curiosity. It had come originally from China and its head, legs and arms were movable. This furnished an inspiration to the ingenious Thuringian toymakers, who promptly improved upon it. Up to that time they had made dolls only of wood and leather, but soon they evolved the wax head—at first a crude article, the wax being applied with a brush, but later brought to high perfection, thanks, it is said, to an accidental discovery. A man engaged in making the heads dropped a thimble into his pot of fluid wax and on taking it out found it covered with a smooth and beautiful coat of the substance. He was not slow to seize the idea, the result being the adoption of the dipping process, the final touches of color being put on with a camel's hair pencil. Later on the movable eyes and closing lids, to feign sleep, were added and the fleece of the Angora goat was substituted for human hair in the making of wigs, holding its color and curl much better, the doll as it is known today thus assuming its final and highly artistic form.

Dressing the dolls after they are made has become an industry in which numbers of women and girls are employed. For the small, inexpensive dolls little chemises, finished with a ruffle of lace around the neck and arms, are made by hundreds and require no skilled labor for their construction.—Rene Bache in Circle.

LAND AND WATER BOATS.

Queer Vessels That Are Used in Wild Timber Districts.

Deep in the wilds of the Canadian timber lands and in a number of the northern lumber districts of the United States wonderful boats climb hills creep through swamps and wends traverse small streams from one lake to another and even climb upon freight cars if long transportation is necessary.

Practically a steamboat and steam winch combined, the engine can be thrown in gear to drive the paddle wheels or twin screws, according to which of the two the boat is equipped with, or drive a cable drum which holds a mile of five-eighths inch steel cable used for warping and crossing portages.

At the end of a water journey the cable is carried to a tree some distance inland and on one side of the path designated for the boat to pass over. Passed through a pulley block, it is carried back to the boat and run through a pulley block at the bow. Then, returned inland again, it is fastened to a tree on the other side of the path and just opposite the first tree, thus making it possible for the boat to travel a straight course without dodging the anchor trees. The engine is geared to the cable drum, and the cumbersome but powerful craft commences its rock strewn journey.

No roadway is required, logs and skids being thrown a few feet apart across the pathway to keep the shoeing from grinding on the rocks. In this manner the boat can travel from one to two miles a day and take a grade of one foot in three when necessary.—Popular Mechanics.

First Come, First Served.

A minister who sets his face against bazaars once related an incident emphasizing his feelings on the matter.

"Once upon a time," he said, "a man was going along a dark street when a footpad suddenly appeared and, pointing his pistol, began to relieve his victim of his money.

"The thief, however, apparently suffered some pangs of remorse. 'It's pretty rough to be gone through like this, ain't it, sir?' he inquired.

"'Oh, that's all right, my man,' the held up' one answered cheerfully. 'I was on my way to a bazaar. You're first, and there's an end of it!'"—London Telegraph.

Modern Plays and Players.

We no longer demand that a man or woman play a part. We insist that the part fit the man or woman. This condition no doubt is largely the fault of managers, who instead of requiring impersonation pick performers for their likeness to the characters to be assumed. "Have you a father?" one can imagine them inquiring of a candidate. "Yes." "Then you won't do. This man's father died twenty years before the beginning of the play."—Argonaut.

Reformed.

"Did she marry her husband to reform him?"

"I guess so. She reformed him, all right."

"Why, he drinks like a fish."

"I know it, but he didn't use to before she married him."—Houston Post.

Impossible Combination.

"The time, the place and the girl! How seldom we find them together!"

"Bah! The combination that we seldom find together is the man, the shower and the umbrella."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

By Right of Birth.

Hunter—Are you an American citizen, Pat? Pat—Faith, an' I am that! I was born in Donegal, but 'twas on the Fourth iv July.—Harper's Weekly.

When a man wears long chin whiskers it may be because his wife insists upon buying his neckties.—Philadelphia Record.

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough grows in favor daily with young and old. Mothers should keep it on hand for children. It is prompt relief to croup. It is gently laxative, driving the poison and phlegm from the system. It is a simple remedy that gives immediate relief, guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—Wm. M. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert E. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

SENATE AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Shinglehouse.
State Senator—C. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; H. F. Babcock, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy E. Mapes, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. B. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chase, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
County Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—F. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; G. A. Abbey, Alfred Hagberg, C. M. Denning, F. L. Shurtliffe, E. E. Heath, H. H. Sisson.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull, W. K. Stark.
Judges of Election—H. H. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street. SANFORD L. FAY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 185, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings. G. H. DENNING, N. G.
W. C. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 275, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
L. K. HOGARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 247, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall. B. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 183, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Keene Hall.
J. W. GIFFORD, M.-W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. R. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.
ELIZABETH KIDDIE, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 2 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
Miss E. A. BAKER, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 23, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
Mrs. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
Mrs. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. S. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 3 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. on Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 3:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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Dorothy's Dilemma.

By CECILY ALLEN.

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"Have you a raincoat and a heavy veil, Dorothy?" inquired Mrs. Dalrymple anxiously.

"Yes, mother," replied Dorothy mechanically without glancing up from the time table from which she was endeavoring to extract information regarding the trains to Oakdale.

"And plenty of money?"

"Money—and my check book. Really, mother, you'll be asking me next, as you did in my old Sunday school days, whether I have a clean handkerchief." She tossed the time card aside in despair.

"There is no such train as a 3:00."

"I just knew it!" wailed Mrs. Dalrymple in a melancholy sort of triumph. "I never should have tried to take Carleton's message over the phone. A telephone does rattle me so."

Dorothy crossed the room and patted her mother's cheek reassuringly.

"There, there, mummsey, don't fret. I am now at the age of discretion. If you misunderstood Carleton's invitation no great harm will be done. I know my way home, but I am sure it must have been for this afternoon, for the golf tournament is on tomorrow, and they said all along that they wanted me to be sure to see it."

The house telephone announced that Miss Dalrymple's hansom was at the door. And down to the hansom flitted Dorothy, her mother attending her to the very door of the elevator.

"I can't help feeling anxious about this trip, dear," she murmured. "I always do get things twisted over the telephone."

Dorothy handed her bag to the obsequious colored boy and gave her mother a farewell peck of a kiss.

"Mummsey, if you don't stop worrying about me we will both have nervous prostration. Remember, I've been in New York now three months and have cut my wisdom teeth. Goodby, and send my love to daddy when you write."

Admiring eyes followed Dorothy's slender, lithe figure out to the waiting hansom. The clear eyed, wide souled western heiress was extremely popular with the hotel staff.

"Western brains, breeze and bullion but eastern breeding," the key clerk remarked to the stenographer. And the white faced stenographer sighed and wondered how it would feel to have her face kissed by prairie breezes and her hair lightened by sun rays made golden lure.

Dorothy, all unconscious of the feelings of envy and longing she had excited in another's breast, leaned back in the hansom and thought how differently this trip had been planned only a few weeks before. The Carleton Morgans, both golf enthusiasts, had arranged to entertain a house party at their Oakdale home during the golf tournament. There were to be eight congenial souls under a roof tree famous for grateful shadows, conducive to matchmaking. To be sure, Dorothy did not play golf, did not even understand the mysteries of the game, but then neither did Jimmy Morgan, brother of her host. Jimmy said one enthusiast in the family was enough. Somebody had to stay sane and play more important games. At the time he spoke the game uppermost in his mind was the world old game of winning hearts, or, more properly speaking, a heart, the heart of Dorothy Dalrymple. And for a time it had seemed as if no congenial house party with a tactful hostess was essential to bring matters to a climax.

Things were all coming his way when the inevitable dam which will crop up in the course of true love's stream turned and twisted his plans in such a fashion that he sat at his desk one morning reading over and over Miss Dorothy Dalrymple's chillingly polite regrets to his invitation for a little dinner and theater party. It mattered not what evil spirit had whispered unjust things in Dorothy's ear. Certain insinuations circulated among his friends that Jimmy Morgan would have good use of Papa Dalrymple's generous bank account made that young man stiffen under her curt note like a West Pointer before the officer of the day. He would ask no explanation, and she offered none.

And here was the day of the house party which she had alternately dreaded and anticipated for one long week. Well, at least she would show Mr. Morgan that a western girl did not wear her heart on her sleeve.

"Oakdale!" shouted the conductor just as she reached this laudable decision.

She stood on the platform amid the bags which the porter had arranged at her feet. Various carriages and cars ranged up beside the depot, but there was no sign of a messenger from the Carleton Morgans. Yet she had made the 3:16 train, the nearest hour to the one named by her mother, 3:00.

One by one the carriages, traps and cars filled with residents or guests. More than one curious glance was aimed at the tall, well clad figure of the puzzled girl, and then as the last private vehicle rolled away she summoned a small boy and had her luggage carried to the village hack.

"Out to Morgan's? One dollar each way," said the wily Jehu, carefully refraining from mentioning the fact that he had seen the Morgans, outfitted with a surprising number of bags, leaving Oakdale by the 10:34 train that very morning.

And in his ancient vehicle did Dorothy arrive at the aristocratic door of the Carleton Morgans, there to be met by an outwardly placid but inwardly perturbed butler.

"No; Mr. and Mrs. Morgan were not at home. They had gone to Southampton to spend the week end with Mrs. Morgan's married sister. No; they had left no message. No; the Oakdale golf tourney was not until the next Friday and Saturday. No; Mrs. Morgan's maid was not in. She had gone with her mistress to Southampton. Would Miss Dalrymple stop long enough for a cup of tea? It was a raw day."

With the last statement Miss Dalrymple agreed, but she did not care for tea. She wanted to get back to town, not to tell her mother what she thought of persons who got telephone messages tangled up, but—well, just to forget this double disappointment. Of course there was enough to see and do in New York, but she never had seen a golf tournament, and it was embarrassing to face this calm mannered butler in the role of a hoodless child who had made a mistake about her invitation. And then there was Jimmy! Perhaps Jimmy might have had an explanation to offer, and now it was pushed a whole week into the future, and weeks are long when love is young.

She climbed into the village hack, and back to the town right in the teeth of an ugly east wind they rode, the girl wretched and the man jubilant at his shrewdness in recognizing the psychological moment for not telling all he knew.

At the depot once more Miss Dalrymple drew out her purse. The money pocket contained $2, a dime, two subway tickets and a tiny gold glove buttoner. If she had the driver $2 for her round trip ride she would have 10 cents and two subway tickets with which to purchase her ticket back to town. Then a brilliant idea came to her. She would buy her ticket with a check. She gave the driver the two dollar bill with the dime for a tip.

When the 4:17 train from town pulled into the station a square shouldered, forceful looking chap dived into the depot and made for the ticket window. Coming into the gloomy room, he did not see very clearly the tall figure which stood in his way.

The station agent was saying: "I would be very glad to oblige you if you could find any one to identify you, but it is against our rules. Good afternoon, Mr. Morgan. Want to use the telephone?"

The tall figure swung around.

"Oh, Carleton, I am so glad—"

Then sudden silence on the part of the two young people and wonder on the part of the station agent. The young man was the first to recover.

"May I usurp my brother's place and be of service to you?" he asked, rather distantly.

Dorothy flushed deeply, but finally her face set resolutely.

"Yes; I have made a mistake regarding the date of the tournament, and, worse still, I brought only a little cash, and this gentleman will not accept a check, and I want to get home."

Her glance fell, and Jimmy Morgan had a chance to bite his lip before he spoke, without a trace of amusement in his tones.

"You've just missed a train to town, and there will not be another for an hour. I was just about to telephone for my brother's car. Please let me take you back to town that way. See, the sun is coming out."

Dorothy slipped her empty purse and murmured, "I think I had better—"

"Go by automobile—I thought you'd agree with me," interrupted Jimmy smoothly, and while Dorothy drew a quick, amazed breath he picked up the telephone transmitter.

The car was deep in the gloom of the Long Island ferryboat when Dorothy, trying to break an eloquent silence, murmured: "I don't see how I ever made a mistake about the date. Carleton must have meant for me to go with them to Southampton. Mother never does catch messages over the phone."

"Heaven bless her for that and my sudden whim for a quiet night at Carleton's. Otherwise there is no telling, but it is all right now, dear."

"Oh, Jimmy, please—those horrid deck hands. Wait!"

"Not long, dear."

"No, only till we are inside our own parlor," replied Dorothy in her old, mischievous, teasing way, with the result that Jimmy felt that he really could not wait, and what the passing deck hand saw sent him on his way grinning.

A Queer New England Betrothal.

Hawthorne found romance on the shores of old New England, and there is a good deal of it unminded in the modern life of the Yankees. The following story of love and marriage, strange as it may seem, is true:

Years ago a summer boarder at a cottage on a point of land which formed the protecting arm of the harbor of a fishing town in Massachusetts was shown a girl baby only a few months old. He looked at the babe and admired, then said to the mother:

"Will you give me that babe for my wife?"

The mother had known the young man for several summers. She liked him and therefore answered promptly, "Yes."

"Will you promise never to tell her that you have selected me as her husband?"

"Yes."

The conditions of the singular betrothal were observed. The girl baby grew up, and summer after summer the young man courted her. When she was eighteen he married her, and not till then did she know that she had been betrothed to her husband while in her cradle. Can old romance be more romantic than this story of a New England fishing town?—Exchange.

ACTION OF ALCOHOL.

The Seven Stages of Drunkenness and the Results.

According to the evidence given recently by Dr. H. T. Williams, an English physician, in a London police court, says the Literary Digest, he distinguishes seven stages of drunkenness—irritable, mellow, pugnacious, affectionate, quarrelsome, fatigued—if the total doses were large enough, by collapse and death. It is noted by the British Medical Journal, from which this report is taken, that other authorities have formulated these stages in different ways. Says this paper:

"Magnan, who was one of the first to begin the scientific study of the physiological action of alcohol, distinguished five stages—first, slight excitement and a feeling of well being, in which speech and gestures became more animated; in the second stage ideas became crowded together and confused, the mood being, without any very obvious reason for the difference, gay or sad or full of tender emotion; in the third stage the confusion of ideas was greater and accompanied by incoherence, perversion of taste and smell, illusions, thick speech, vacant countenance and staggering gait; the fourth stage was coma and the fifth death. Magnan's second stage has been graphically described by Clave Shaw as 'a loss of the sense of awareness of surroundings.'"

MEN AND MACHINES.

The Limit of Human Speed Has About Been Reached.

One thing alone can intervene and put the curb on the desire for speed—man's powers of endurance. Already there are signs that it has almost reached its limit. The increase of nervous diseases, the spread of insanity, these and other warnings should serve as danger signals that the speed of modern life is excessive. The adjusting of a man's frame to rapidly changing conditions, great though it be, yet has its limits.

Machinery may be perfected to an incredible degree, but man, unless we are to conceive of him as becoming absolutely machine like, will always have his limitations of flesh and blood. He will always be a fantastic creature subject to strange emotions, uncertain gusts of passion, sudden tricks of nerves or of physical exhaustion. Among the daily catastrophies from the lust of speed it is rare to find that it is the machinery which is at fault. It is the failure of the eye to transmit with sufficient rapidity the danger message to the brain or an error in judgment or a sudden nerve failure, one of these which brings about disaster. Man may perfect the machine, but he remains himself ever imperfect.—London Saturday Review.

Nurses Dread Lightning.

Of all people who are glad when the season of thunderstorms is past, none are more thankful than professional nurses.

"It isn't that we are so afraid of lightning ourselves," said a nurse in Roosevelt hospital, "but it has a harmful effect on our patients. Most sick people have an unreasonable fear of lightning. In cases of extreme weakness or nervousness a dozen flashes of blinding lightning reduce the patient to such a state of prostration that it takes extraordinary efforts on the part of the nurse to bring him around. If one sick person requires all that extra attention in a thunderstorm, just imagine the predicament of the nurse who has a whole ward full of them on her hands."—New York Press.

On the Job.

Amusing epitaphs are common enough, but it is not often that a tombstone inscription is meant to carry a business advertisement. A West Virginia man tells of a singular one which may be seen in a certain cemetery. It was the idea of a widow of a man named Perkins, a partner in a commercial house known as Perkins & Parker. Soon after the decease of her spouse Mrs. Perkins married Mr. Parker, her late husband's business associate. The inscription reads:

"Sacred to the memory of James Perkins, for thirty years senior partner of the firm of Perkins & Parker, now Parker & Co."—Harper's Weekly.

Her Helpful Hint.

The honeymoon had waned, and the cupboard was bare.

"Don't worry, Mabel," said the romantic husband as he opened the piano. "Remember music is the food of love."

But the practical little wife shook her head.

"If you really think music is the food of love," she responded, "perhaps you'll step round and get the butcher to give you a beefsteak for a mere song."—London Answers.

New York Life.

The life of New York seems a tragic matchiche, a religious can-can, the maddest blend in all Christendom of common sense and lunacy, dignity and folly, poetry and a furious pogrom against everything that makes for beauty.—Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

Telling Tales.

Unsophisticated Visitor (trying to use the telephone)—Kitty, what do you say when you take this thing off the hook? Little Girl—Papa always says, "Darn, you, central, you've given me the wrong number!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Domestic Debate.

"What kept Mrs. Clubleigh at home?"

"A discussion of the servant girl question."

"With her club?"

"No; with her girl."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

To stop that pain in the back, that stiffness of the joints and muscles, take Pineules. They are guaranteed. Don't suffer from rheumatism, backache, kidney trouble, when you get 30 days' treatment for $1.00. A single dose at bedtime proves their merit. Get them today. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

The Mistaken Identity of Tommy

By ADDIE F. MITCHELL.

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Mrs. Vaughn put down the letter she had been reading, with a troubled little sigh. Her daughter Madge looked up from the step.

"What's the matter, mother? You look as if you had been reading your death warrant."

"I have—the death warrant of our summer's peace. Aunt Mary North writes to ask if we won't keep her Tom while she and Mr. North go abroad for the summer."

"Who's her Tom?" asked Madge succinctly.

"Her stepson. I've not seen Aunt Mary since she married Mr. North, and I know next to nothing of the North family. But Mrs. Wilson knew Mr. North when they were living in Chicago (that was in the time of the first Mrs. North), and she said there were two girls and a boy. The boy was in kilts then, and that was five years ago, so he must be about eight or nine years old. Aunt Mary says he has been ill with typhoid and that she remembers with hope for his health that the air at Pinecroft is healing."

"But we can't have him, mother. Think of having an eight-year-old boy on our hands the whole summer! We can never get enough cooked for him to eat, and he'll be drowned regularly once a week and break all his arms and legs on the other days. And I wanted a quiet, heavenly rest this summer, before I have to go back to that awful office. And it will be—well, the other kind of a time with a Tommy around, that is certain."

"But, Madge—I can't refuse. Aunt Mary. She was your father's favorite aunt and always so good to him. No; Tommy will have to come, whether we want him or not."

"Well, then, when?"

"The letter says next Tuesday unless they hear from us that it is not convenient."

"Tell Aunt Mary I have the small pox or that I died suddenly at the news—anything. Please, mother!"

"I was wondering," said her mother, "whether an eight-year-old boy would be afraid to sleep in a room by himself. Shall we put a bed in the alcove off my room or fix up the south chamber?"

"All the boys I've ever seen," answered Madge, "were afraid neither of the things under the earth nor of those upon it. Give him a room to himself, and then you'll be saved the overflowing clutter of fishing tackle and knives and tools and things in your room."

Still grumbling, Madge helped her mother get ready the south chamber. As she worked she grew interested and even took from the walls of her own room some interesting prints which she thought would be suitable for a boy's room.

"I can't see, though, why Aunt Mary didn't take this little wretch abroad with her—the sea air would do him good. Take out all the fancy things, mother, as you value them."

"If you only understood big boys as well as you seem to understand the small ones you would not be twenty-four and still single," teased her mother.

"I do, mother," said Madge vehemently. "I understand them altogether too well, and that's the very reason I am still single."

There was no immediate reply to this, and Mrs. Vaughn turned her attention to the room.

"Get all your old picture books and put them in that trunk, Madge, and I think I'll bring Jim's old hobbyhorse down from the attic. He may despise it, but you never can tell."

"I suppose I could make him some kites," said Madge. "There's all that red and blue paper and miles of yellow string. Perhaps if I make a big one he'll get fastened to it and fly off to Mars. And while I'm up in the attic I'm going to bring down some of Jim's old overalls."

Arrangements were finally completed, and Madge rather looked forward to the coming of the little boy, so that when Tuesday came she willingly drove to the station for him, though she protested that St. Lawrence and his gridiron were as nothing to the torment she was undergoing. She took along a bag of cookies, "just to stop up his mouth so he can't ask questions," she explained.

The train was late, and Madge got a little cross as she waited in the open trap with the hot sun beating down upon her. The pony was restless, and she dared not leave him to go inside of the station. When the train finally steamed in, however, she gave the reins to a porter and went to find her young charge. She watched the few who came out of the coaches nervously, with one eye on the dancing pony, but as far as she could see no small boy was on the train. Fearing that he had not heard the name of the station called, she spoke to the conductor, who told her that no such person was on the train.

"Well," she thought, "I suppose I should be glad of it," and was going back to the trap when it occurred to her that he might some way have got past her into the station and might be waiting for her there. She looked in. No one was there but a very tall young man, who was leaning back rather limply against the seat, pale as from a recent illness. Madge gave him more than a passing glance because she wondered who he might be. Young men at Pinecroft at this season were a rarity.

"Looks sick," she muttered, "or a little dazzy." She was getting into the cart when a quiet "I beg your pardon" caused her to wheel around. The strange young man, but in mind, was certainly speaking to her. She merely looked her surprise.

"Are you not Miss Vaughn, and weren't you expecting me?" Her blue eyes widened into a positive state of amazement.

"I—I am Madge Vaughn, but you—you must be mistaken," she said.

"I am Dr. North from North, my mother wrote." He was blushing a little at the queerness of her reception.

"You—you are little Tommy? Why?" She began to laugh merrily, and the young man laughed, too, a bit stiffly, for he did not understand the joke. "You have the advantage of me," he said.

Madge sobered at his tone and realized that she was not displaying any marked hospitality. She held out a repentant hand, which the young man took eagerly. "We're sort of cousins, I guess," she said. "Anyway, if you are Tommy North we've been looking for you, so get in, and we'll start."

"I can go away if it is not convenient," protested the man.

"Convenient! After I've worked for three days getting picture books and kites and little blue overalls ready for you? No, sir; you will have to use all those things."

"You see," she explained as she drove along, "we got the impression from some one that you were about eight years old. Your mother never mentioned your age or height, and so we got ready for a small boy, and—and here are some goodies I brought along so that you would not ask questions on the way home." She thrust a paper bag into his hands.

They were both laughing like children as they drove in at the gate, and by the time explanations were made to Mrs. Vaughn the young man was thankful that the surprise had happened. He felt that it had been a good thing to take Madge by surprise, for when two people have laughed together they have rapidly progressed in their acquaintance.

On the very first day Mrs. Vaughn had looked at the two with comprehension in her eyes, and as the weeks grew into months she felt reasonably sure that Madge would never go back to the office.

"Why should she," whispered the older woman to herself, "when a prosperous young physician is not only willing, but obviously anxious, to monopolize her?"

The day before he was scheduled to go back to the city a new man by reason of Pinecroft air and surrounding companionship flew rook the big red and blue kite to the top of a nearby hill to fly it. It soared clear above the trees as the man slowly unwound the long yellow string. The girl watched it rather sadly, for as yet there had been no word of love between them and she realized that she had grown to care so much that it was hard not to let him see it. She felt glad, though, that she had not let him see it, because there might be another girl in the city to whom he was bound, and she—well, she had her work at the office. The tears had come into her eyes, and now they splashed over. The young man looked up just in time to catch sight of them, and, letting the string go, he turned and caught her in his arms.

"Dear," he whispered, "what is it?" She did not speak, but she did not try to get away either, and after a moment he said:

"Is it because I am going away, is it, Madge?" She shook her head.

"Why, then," he urged, "tell me." Suddenly she began to laugh—a soft little laugh that made the man hold her closer.

"I was only wondering," she said, "whether or not there was a girl"—

"You bet there is," he interrupted, "and I've got her right where I want her." Which sentence, slangy as it was, seemed to be wholly satisfactory to Madge.

Trees and Fools.

Any fool can destroy trees. They cannot run away, and if they could they would still be destroyed—chased and hunted down as long as fun or a dollar could be got out of their bark hides, branching horns or magnificent bole backbones. Few that fell trees plant them. Nor would planting avail much toward getting back anything like the noble primeval forests. During a man's life only saplings can be grown in the place of the old trees, tens of centuries old, that have been destroyed. It took more than 3,000 years to make some of the trees in these western woods—trees that are still standing in perfect strength and beauty, waving and singing in the mighty forests of the Sierra. God has cared for these trees, saved them from drought, disease, avalanches and a thousand straining, leveling tempests and floods, but he cannot save them from fools. Only Uncle Sam can do that.—John Muir of California.

Out of the Schoolroom.

A schoolboy was asked to give some information in regard to the Cary sisters, the once famous New England poets, and he said of them:

"The Cary sisters were two poets who lived in Massachusetts most of the time. They went to New York, where they made many fast friends. Their fastest friend was John G. Whittier."

At the time of the Longfellow centennial, when the school children were writing so much about him, one boy wrote:

"Longfellow's poems were mostly of his own composure, but he wrote 'Tails of a Wayside Inn,' where others did the talking. He was the poet lorryott of our country and was a crackerjack when it came to real poetry."—Lippincott's.

PARIS IN 1869.

Never Had the Empire Seemed More Assured, the Court More Brilliant.

The last flicker of the candle, the last flame of the dying fire, is ever the brightest, and so it was with Paris in 1869.

Never had the empire seemed more assured, the court more brilliant, the rules more gorgeous. The most fastidious Parisians revelled in the daily sights of royal processions and cavalcades. The Bois de Boulogne and the Champs Elysees, where we were living at that time, were crowded with splendid equipages. I remember often seeing the Empress Eugenie, then the handsomest woman in Europe, driving in her daumont, the green and gold liveries of the postilions and outriders making a brave show. Nor were four horses and postilions the privilege of royalty alone. Princess Metternich, the wife of the Austrian ambassador, often went out in similar style. The beautiful Mme. de Canisy and the Duchesse de Mouchy, the empress' greatest and perhaps only intimate friend, and a host of court ladies habitually drove out in great state and helped by the magnificence of their appearance to give to Paris that air of elegance and distinction which could neither be surpassed nor emulated by any other capital in Europe. Even among those who had forebodings of the gathering storm no one had deserted the black shadow cast on the blue sky by the approaching figure of Bellona, her fierce eyes fixed on happy, smiling, tranquil France.—Lady Randolph Churchill in Century.

QUITE A NICE GAME.

Why the Girl Who Proposed It Lost Her Temper.

The other day Miss Fannie Loiner ran across the road to see an intimate friend. As is usual with young ladies, they had a good deal to tell one another. In the course of the conversation Fannie said:

"I used to think that Gus Simpson was a nice young man, but I just hate him now."

"Why, what has he done?"

"He's treated me shamefully."

"In what way?"

"Why, the other evening at a party I said to him: 'Let's play the old game of temptation. If I say "Yes" or "No" to your questions, I'll owe you a box of gloves, and if you say "Yes" or "No" you'll give me a box.'"

"Then what?"

"Well, after the party he took me home, and all the way there he talked as sweetly as could be about love and that men should not live alone and all that. And when we got to the front gate he said, 'Fannie, I have waited for this opportunity a long time—will you marry me?' I whispered 'Yes' in a low voice, and"— (Here her sobs choked her voice).

"And what did he do then?" inquired her listener eagerly.

"He—just—chuckled and said, 'You have lost, Fannie; I take No. 9's,' then laughed with all his might. That's what he did."—London Answers.

A Tennyson Growl.

In Walter Crane's autobiography he gives an interesting picture of Tennyson. It was at a dinner party at the Rev. Stopford Brooke's and the poet was reading to the company his "Ballad of the Fleet" in his deep, impressive voice in a way which reminded me of his own description in the "Morte d'Arthur" of how the poet Everard Hall (which may have been himself)

"Read, mouthing out his hollow o's and a's,
Deep chested music."

When the reading was finished and when the applause and gratitude of the small audience had subsided the hostess growled out, "Yes, and to think that these wretched fellows of the nineteenth century gave me only $1,500 for it."

Marriage as a Failure.

There is more nonsense talked in the abstract about marriage as a failure than is talked about any other branch of the conduct of life. If a census on the subject could be taken I am sure it would be found that the majority of married people jog along very comfortably and are much happier in their united state than they possibly could have been had they remained unmarried. The number of divorces is usually quoted to prove that marriage is a failure, but what, after all, is the number of divorces in proportion to a population of many millions of married people?—Mme. Sarah Grand in London Chronicle.

Thoughtful.

Mrs. Greene—My husband is such a thoughtful man! He always goes down into the basement kitchen to smoke.

Mrs. Gray—And lets the smoke come upstairs into the dining room through the dumb waiter. Mrs. Greene—Yes, but that's because he is absentminded, poor man! That has nothing to do with his thoughtfulness, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Mixed.

Earnest Female—Professor, I hear you are a great ornithologist. Professor—I am an ornithologist, madam. Earnest Female—Then could you kindly tell me the botanical name for a while?—Punch.

His Protest.

The milk dealer fined for selling a watered article protested. "Why" he exclaimed indignantly, "if I didn't water the milk half of my customers wouldn't get any."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The attitude of unhappiness is not only painful; it is mean and ugly.—James.

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Town _____ State _____
Mail this CUT THIS OUT

JANUARY
CLEARANCE SALE!
THE LINDHOLM COMPANY
SMETHPORT, PA.
Saturday, Jan. 18, ENDING Saturday, Feb. 1, '08
SALE STARTS AT 9 O'CLOCK A. M.

This Annual Sale coming the latter part of January has its beneffts for both purchasers and for us. Resson—the year closing Dec. 31, 1907, was the most successful year in the history of our business, and consequently we have handled more goods than in years previous. We also have left a very complete showing of seasonable goods. This is the cause of each purchaser reaping a special harvest this year from their purchases. Small lots will be cut so low as to be almost gifts. Every broken lot or small piece—perfect goods, but now in the way—will be priced for quick selling. Each department will contribute its share of seasonable goods to this sale and hold until present stock is exhausted. Remember the opening day and arrange to be there that day.

4 pieces 12 and 15c Curtain nets, clearing at.....8c
10 pieces all linen, brown crash, 15 inch, at.....7c
2 pieces 17 in. all linen bleached Crash at.....10c
4 pieces linen gloss towelings, blue and black check..10c

Outing Flannel

11 and 12c Outing Flannel, while they last.....10c
8c Outing, mostly dark at.....6c

Gloves

1 lot 25 and 50c Ladies' Gloves.....19c
1 lot 50c Gloves, lamb's wool.....38c
1 lot Kid Gloves, $1.00 to $1.50, black and colors.....69c

Belts

Assortment of regular 75, 50 and 25c in 1 lot at.....19c
Another lot, special ass'tm't.....48c

Ribbons

Remnants mostly. Short pcs. left from holiday selling, marked for you to buy at sight. Some long, some short lengths. All cheap.

Stationery

100 boxes writing paper and envelopes, put up expressly for The Lindholm Co.....10c

Silks

Short lengths at ½ off.
27-in. Black Taffeta Silk, $1.00 quality.....89c
Special $1.25 quality, 30-in. Black Taffeta Silk.....1.00

Handkerchiefs

12½ and 15c Ladies' Handkerchiefs, clearing at 10c, $1.10 doz.
25c Hdkfs, a nice assortment, clearing price.....19c
Special white hemstitched Hdkfs, at.....2c

Notions

Pearl Buttons, doz.....1c
Spool Cotton, 200 spools, slightly damaged, spool.....2c

Collars, fancy box, one in box.....25c
Collars, fancy box, one in box.....50c
Pillow Tops, 25, 39, 50 and 75c
Tops, some slightly soiled.....19c
Canfield's Dress Shields, pr.....5c
1 lot Hooks & Eyes, card.....1c
1 lot Back Combs, 39, 50 and 75c combs.....29c
Men's Woolen Shirts at $1.50 and $2.00, blue, gray, brown.

Carpets

2 pieces Pro. Brussels Carpet, 75c grade at.....60c

Rugs

27x54 Brussels Rugs, $2.00, clearing.....1.48
9x12 room size rugs, Pro. Brussels.....10.00
Tapestry.....16.55 & 17.50

Rubber Door Mats

Another shipment of those "Sanitary" door mats. Wear longest and are best, $1.50, at.....98c

Linoleums

1 piece Potters Linoleum, while it lasts, sq. yd.....15c
Linoleum Remnants, 65 and 75c quality, sq. yd.....50c

Cloaks and Suits and Skirts

18 Ladies' Dress Skirts, black, grey, tan and mixtures, selling from $6.00 to $11.00, in one lot.....4.48

COATS

8 Coats—
1 Plaid, 38.....$15.00
1 Ox Gray, 36.....15.75
1 Black, 34.....9.00
2 Brown 34 & 36.....9.00
1 Brown, 34.....14.00
1 Plaid, 36.....10.50
1 Grey, 36.....15.75
Any of the above Coats, clearing sale.....7.00
1 Coat, black, 36, was $24.00 now.....12.00
1 Rain Coat, size 36, light, 18.50.....10.50
1 Rain Coat, size 38, $22.00, Oxford Grey.....15.00

SUITS

1 Black Suit, size 38, $32.00, at one half.....16.00
1 Black Suit, size 36, $15.00, at one half.....7.50
1 Suit Olive Green, size 34, $15.00, one-half price.....7.50
1 Suit mixed grey, size 34, $16.50.....8.25

CHILDREN'S COATS

Infants' Bear Skin Coats, white only, $2.48 kind, clearing.....1.75
⅓ off on your choice of our Misses' and Children's Coats during this sale. None reserved. All must go.

FURS! FURS!

The balance of our line of Fur Boas at ⅓ off. Ask for these in the Coat Dept.

Linings

Several pieces slightly soiled. Marked just ONE-HALF.

Umbrellas

Special line, ladies' 26 in. Umbrella, fancy handles, extra value.....$1.00

Hose

Men's Wool Fancy Hose, 25c grade.....19c
The Famous "Bear Skin" Hose for boys.....15c

Shirts

Men's 50c Shirts, light colors, closing.....38c

Mattings

Short lengths and small rolls at a saving of almost ⅓ in price for this sale only. Short ends must go.

Dress Goods

1 piece 44 in. Black Mohair, $1.00, clearing price.....75c
Brown, blue, red Cassimere, 30c, clearing at.....22c
3 pieces Rain Proof Goods, 56 in. wide, was $1.35.....98c

Table Linen

50c special Damask.....39c
$1.39 special Damask.....1.19
Mill ends, bleached 59c grade, all linen, 2¼ and 3 yds.....45c
Mill ends, unbleached, 89c, all linen, 2, 2½, 3 yd., clearing price.....75c

White Waistings

3 pieces White Waistings, 15c, now, yd.....12c
4 pieces, 18 & 20c, now, yd..15c
4 pieces, 25 & 30c, now, yd..20c

Sweaters

⅓ off on all Ladies' Men's and Boy's Sweaters in stock. This is a great saving and you should provide for future needs.

Petticoats

Special Heatherbloom, always sell $2.50 to $3.00.....$1.39
Mercerized Sateen, black only, $1.75, at.....1.39
Light colored, assorted.....98c

Hand Bags

Special line 50 and 75c Bags and Purses, clearing price.....43c
$1.25 to $2.00, clearing price..98c

Muslins

"Atlantic" unbleached, at.....9c
"Pride" bleached, at.....10c
20 yds. to customer while present stock lasts.

Lace and Ruffled Curtains

Lace Curtain 69c, at, pr.....55c
Lace Curtain 75c, at, pr.....63c
Lace Curtain 48c, at, pr.....33c
Special line odd pair.....98c
Ruffled linen, 50 to 75c at, pr. 43c

Bath Robe Blankets

A number or patterns left from holiday selling at just one-half.

Shoes

Clearing sale lot, Queen Quality Shoes, $3.50 grade.....$2.10
Odd lots of Children's Shoes at a saving of 25 per cent. from old price, 25 per cent.

Caps

Men's and Boys' Winter Caps, 50c to 75c lines, clearing price.....43c

"Maish" Comforts

At $1.65, $2.00, $2.50, $3.25 and $4.00 each.
Sleep warm! And you can do it under "Maish" Comforts.

Thousands of men and women in all walks of life are suffering from kidney and bladder trouble. Don't neglect your kidneys. Delays are dangerous. DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills afford quick relief for all forms of kidney and bladder trouble. A week's treatment 25c. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

For Sale.

Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address Harry L. Backus, Miner office, Smethport, Pa.

For Sale.

The house and lot at the corner of Green and Union streets. Apply to F. A. McCoy. 46-tf

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve—don't forget the name, and accept no substitutes. Get DeWitt's. It's good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

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ONLY ONE BOY IN THE FAMILY

The mother gives undivided attention to his wardrobe—can afford to spend the requisite amount of time to carefully select his clothes. To such a mother the viewing of our selections is a pleasure.

Boys' Suits, $2.50 to $8.00.
Boys' Overcoats, $2 to $7.

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Because of Unquestioned Stability it is the most popular insurance company in the Pennsylvania field.

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Send me me your name and address.

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Frick Bldg. Pittsburg

C. A. BURDICK, Local Agent

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Every one that sees them uses them

LOOK IN MY WINDOW

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLO K. SMETHPOR

Administrator's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of C. M. Applebee, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of C. M. Applebee, late of Coleville, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate are hereby notified and requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate are hereby notified to make proof of the same and present without delay to

T. B. Moore, Administrator,
Coleville, Pa., R. F. D. 1. December 19, 1907.

Executor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Elizabeth M. North, late of Ceres Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, to F. H. Raymond of said Ceres Township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are hereby required to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demands upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay.

F. H. Raymond, Executor.
Ceres, New York, December 12th, 1907.

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Smethport, Pa.

F. D. Gallup.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

M. L. Keshen.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

V. B. Houton
ATTY-AT-LAW
Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

D. H. Mayo & Son.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. E. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - Penn'a
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PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 10 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 404.

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This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

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125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

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Pays interest on time deposits.
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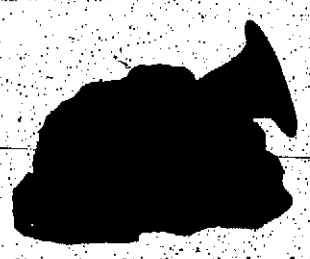

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